

THE BLACK ATHLETE Part 5

Sports Illustrated

JULY 29, 1968

40 CENTS

DETROIT'S
DENNY McLAIN

IN ANTIC PURSUIT
OF 30 WINS





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Next week

THE WONDER HORSE of trotting and Hackneyman favor is seemingly unbeatable. Nevada Pride. Pat Putnam reports from trackside and the Camille scene of his owners.

REAL SWIMMING CHICKS are the young ladies who will take part in the U.S. Girls' Junior Golf title matches this month. Some of the best are shown in color by Walter Iooss Jr.

DYE-DYE BEAR is the theme of certain groups that feel the polar bear faces imminent extinction. Virginia Kraft spent several weeks in the Arctic to find out if the alarm is warranted.



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Sears

ALLSTATE

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All points bulletin. Get the Sears Radial.

FOOTLOOSE

Airplanes are even better than mules
if you really want to see the Canyon

You can get a pretty good notion of the Grand Canyon from the air and, because of this, at least one airline operating in the vicinity—Air West—routes many of its flights to get the best possible view. But nothing compares to the view you get of the black heart of Grand Canyon National Park from a low-flying small plane.

An outfit called Grand Canyon Airlines began flying dramatic aerial loops from one end of the 217-mile-long canyon to the other in 1927 and has maintained a remarkable safety record. Planes now in service are powerful, low-winged Piper Cherokees and Aztecs, with a separate window for each passenger. Windows are fitted with untreated glass and are polished before each flight so that nothing can mar your snapshots.

Surprisingly, flying weather generally is good. Flights are so frequent year round that there's no need for a reservation—unless you'd like the superflight from one end of the canyon to the other (\$17.50).

"It's never the same, no matter how many times you fly over it," says Palen Hudgen, chief pilot and airline president.

Planes carry two to five passengers, and rates are figured by flight duration. Flights leave from Grand Canyon Airport, near the village on the South Rim. Three general plans are as follows: 1) Bright Angel Flight—25 minutes, \$7.50 per person—swings east to Hance and Grapevine Rapids, views the horrendous switchbacks of Bright Angel and Kaibab Trails close up, drops low over Bright Angel Canyon, Phantom Ranch and the Kaibab Suspension Bridge and returns via a swing past Shiva Temple and a circle of the village on the South Rim; 2) Little Colorado Flight—35 minutes, \$10 per person—adds to this plan the confluence of the Little Colorado and Colorado Rivers, plus Chuar Butte, Temple Butte, Cape Royal on the North Rim and Vashu Temple; 3) Havasupai Flight—45 minutes, \$12.50 per person—swings to the extreme western limits of Grand Canyon for a view of the cultivated fields and orchards of Supai Village in the Havasupai Reservation (the most isolated Indian community in the nation).

There's nothing rigid about itineraries. You spot a mule train crossing Mormon Flats on the Tonto Plateau or ascending Jacob's Ladder on the Bright Angel and your obliging pilot approaches close enough to photograph the nose-to-tail lines with a long lens. Nothing tops this intimate look at the history of the world frozen in rock. A flight map of the canyon may be had for the asking. Write: Palen Hudgen, Grand Canyon Airlines, P.O. Box 186, Grand Canyon, Ariz. 86023, and plan your own flight.

—DOLLY CONNELLY

For the clean guys.

Hair shows up clear and clean even through a full battle of Vaseline® Hair Tonic (label removed). No surprise, then, that Vaseline Hair Tonic looks clear and clean after you put it on...so pure, so refined that there's no need for us to cream it, gel it or color it. Just a little clear clean Vaseline Hair Tonic keeps your hair doing just what you want it to (no matter what length you choose to wear your hair). Ask any girl who she'd prefer to snuggle up to. And she'll tell you. One of the clean guys.





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When it goes to work...so do the people.**

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Magazine Publishers Association.

An association of 500 of the 1,100 magazines in the U.S.

SCORECARD

OLD UNRELIABLE

Czech national hero Emil Zatopek, 1948 and 1952 Olympic champion in the marathon and the 5,000 and 10,000 meters, was one of 70 public figures who recently endorsed a statement, "The 2,000 Words," which called for strikes to hasten reform in a Czechoslovakia struggling for national independence and greater internal liberties.

"My wife, Dana," Zatopek told an English interviewer in a Prague cafe, "was frightened. She said, 'Please, don't speak so much. If the Russians come it will be bad for everybody who signs this manifesto.'" But Zatopek, 45, a colonel in the Czech army's sports department who keeps in shape by occasionally running the 2½ miles to his office, says he has always been outspoken and politically "unreliable." He says he hated being the "pinup boy" of the Socialist regime during his heyday.

"I should be grateful to them, really," he says of the old Czech government. "I traveled the world. I met King George VI and Queen Elizabeth after the Olympic Games in London in 1948. In Finland, after the Helsinki Games in 1952, I met the president. In 1958 in Spain, when I ran my last race, the people carried me shoulder high."

"But everywhere I went I was sad. I knew I was representing the wrong government. I was traveling the world with the wrong background. I never made a secret of my feelings. When they tried to pretend, for example, that South Korea invaded North Korea, I said, 'Are you mad? I've been there. I know what happened.'"

"Many times the officials gave me a talking-to. They said, 'You are an example to young people. They look up to you. Be careful what you say.' Friends warned me I could be sent to prison. But I laughed. They used to say everybody here has either been to prison, is in prison or is going there in the future." Later, however, he learned "how horrible prison conditions were," and

he wished he had not been so flippant.

"My father, a carpenter, was a Communist," Zatopek says, "and so am I in my heart. But it must be a Communism created by love of the people and not by might and terror."

JOYOUS OCCASION

In 1963 when Alex Karras, the Detroit Lion defensive tackle, was sitting out a year's suspension for betting on NFL games, his wife, Joan, gave birth to a boy. Karras and NFL Commissioner Alvin (Pete) Rozelle had feuded bitterly over the suspension, and Karras was furious. "I wanted to remember what happened," Karras said, "so I named the boy Pete. I would have named him Alvin, but who wants a kid named Alvin?"

Now Karras is in a far more festive mood, and when his wife gave birth to another son last month he decided to commemorate the man who had made him a significant figure in a best-selling book, *Paper Lion*, and had gotten him a major role in the movie being made from the book. The boy has been named George Plimpton Karras.

ALWAYS A FIRST TIME

In Olympic basketball the U.S. has never failed to win the gold medal and, in fact, has never even lost a game (it has a perfect 66-0 record). But, judging from the 1968 team's recent European tour, the perfect record and maybe the gold medal, too, are likely to go down the drain in Mexico City come October. Yugoslavia, Russia, Czechoslovakia and Brazil are all capable of beating the U.S.

"I wouldn't say we wouldn't win if we had our best," said Angus Nicoson, basketball coach at Indiana Central College, who made the trip as team manager, "but with what we have available, it is questionable."

The team won six of 10 games abroad—not too bad a showing—but demonstrated, according to Nicoson, lack of defensive ability, poor outside shooting and weak rebounding (which may

be at least partly remedied when 6' 7" Bill Hosket of Ohio State joins the squad). Without Lew Alcindor, who decided to pass up Mexico, and Elvin Hayes, who signed a pro contract, the U.S. has no one to handle Russia's 7' 2" center, who "gets around like a good 6' 6" forward."

"I would say we've probably got the roughest, most difficult job any Olympic team ever had," said Nicoson.

POOR FUTURES

The *Wall Street Journal* recently quoted marriage futures on musclemen. The prospects, the newspaper reported, are not promising. One strong man explained that today's females are not "turned on" by muscles. They like the long, lean types. When I ask a girl for a date, she's likely to snicker. And the ones who do go out with you spend the whole time staring at you as though you're a freak."

Another body builder described taking a girl home after a date and being



asked to take off his shirt to "flex for Mama, Papa and little sister. They had a good laugh and then she told me to buzz off."

It turns out that many musclemen can't afford wives anyway. They shun heavy work—it saps their energy—and earn only about \$4,000 a year, and as much as \$1,500 of that may go for gym fees, protein supplements and vitamins.

THE OLD MAN-HAN

San Francisco State College won the Far Western Conference football title last year, went to the Camelia Bowl and was regarded as one of the nation's best "small college" teams. But there is nothing

continued

Tiny pocket-size lets you carry day-long protection wherever you go.

Binaca
POCKET SIZE



Very concentrated Golden Breath Drops.



The name for
**Field &
Stream**
came easy.
We named it
after the aroma.



**zip code
helps
keep
postal
costs**



down

BUT ONLY IF YOU USE IT.

SCORECARD *continued*

ing small-time about State's 18,000 enrollment or the amount of furor the politically oriented student body can stir up when aroused. Now the student legislature, which has attained considerable sway over student affairs, thinks the school's support of athletics is out of proportion. Accordingly, it voted last week to eliminate the athletic department's \$48,900 subsidy. (State has a nice little football field that seats 6,000, but it is seldom filled, and gate receipts don't provide enough support.)

"We ran on a slate to support community action programs," said recently elected Student Body President Russell Bass. "The opposition promised not to cut the athletic budget. We won 2-1. We think that for years the money going to athletics has been out of proportion to student interest."

When word of the action got out the student legislature felt pressure and finally offered an alternate plan that would give athletics \$30,000—under certain conditions. There would be no restrictions on athletes' appearance (beards and long hair are not to be forbidden). A separate \$9,500 reserve fund would be set up to support drama and debate. And the tutorial program for athletes would be revised. Students would have a voice in decision-making, and the program would help specially admitted disadvantaged students, mostly nonathletes.

The football team seems likely to survive under the new system, but it could lose Coach Vic Rowen, a Columbia Ed.D., who would have little trouble getting a football job elsewhere. "If it weren't for Vic," says a fellow coach, "we would never have won a conference title. He works night and day to keep the team going. You'd think the students would have some pride in the club, but they're too busy demonstrating."

AMATEUR BILLBOARDS

A controversy that erupted at Grenoble last winter over the propriety of trade names appearing on competitors' skins bubbled up again recently at a couple of European track meets. In Paris contestants sported the name Perrier, a popular mineral water, above their numbers despite an International Amateur Athletic Federation rule against such things. In Stockholm athletes carried the initials BP (presumably for British Petroleum) above their numbers, and that could result in the IAAF refusing to recognize the world record set there by Finnish Steeplechaser Jouko Kuha.

ognize the world record set there by Finnish Steeplechaser Jouko Kuha.

IAAF Secretary-treasurer Donald Purn said the Stockholm meet numbers were "clearly an infringement of the rules." But the problem is more complex than that.

The anti-ad rules were put in force a little over a year ago and are still relatively unfamiliar. Commercial sponsors put up the money for many of the track meets in Europe. In other words, no ads could mean no meets. The IAAF will ask for reports and act on them at its next meeting. Significantly, that will be in Mexico City just before the Olympics.

WALKING WOUNDED

Those ultimate, final, absolute, last Olympic track-and-field trials, to be held in September at Lake Tahoe, may turn out to be a competition between the lame and the halt. Hurdler Richmond Flowers expected his pulled hamstring muscle to be well in six weeks. Those six weeks have come and gone, and he still hasn't been able to get close to a hurdle. Long-jumper Ralph Boston re-injured his knee in the national AAU championships and hasn't jumped since. Middle-distance Runner Preston Davis has not yet been able to do speed work.

The prognosis in other cases lifts the high-altitude gloom slightly. Decathlon men Rick Sloan and Russ Hodge are almost up to maximum workouts again, and Pole Vaulter John Pannel was back in competition last week. The most encouraging report is from Flagstaff, Ariz., where Jim Ryun is alive and well and apparently over a light case of mononucleosis. His blood is almost back to normal. The most important thing now is how he feels, and that is "just fine." By the end of the week he will have run 110 miles, half at high speed. That at least should add a little spring to the team's limp.

IN THE EYES OF TEXAS

The University Interscholastic League, which is the administrative body that governs Texas high school sports, has stirred up all kinds of controversy in its 58 years, but nothing can match its latest move: it has declared that any recipient of a college athletic scholarship is a professional. Having arrived at this philosophically defensible but hardly practical viewpoint, the league courageously took the next logical step by de-

claiming that a boy becomes a professional when he signs his letter of intent to accept a college scholarship, which is usually in the spring of his senior year. Therefore, said the league—charging onward any boy with high school eligibility remaining who plays on a team with one of these "pros" in a summer sports program loses his eligibility.

The ruling was made in June, when many of the state's high school athletes were playing American Legion baseball. It caused such alarm—even a debate in the Texas legislature—that the league decided to wait until September 1 to enforce the new rule. But think of all the pro football teams Texans then can see: the Dallas Cowboys, the Houston Oilers, the Texas Longhorns, the SMU Mustangs, the Texas Lutheran Bulldogs, the East Texas Lions. . . .

PICK A PIPER

Problems, problems. The Minnesota Muskies of the American Basketball Association recently pulled up stakes and moved to Miami. They were quickly replaced in Minnesota by the Pittsburgh Pipers, who were eager to leave Pennsylvania. The new club will be called the Minnesota Pipers, which seems logical enough, except that Hamline University also plays basketball in the Minneapolis-St. Paul area. And guess what medieval town the Pied Piper piped his gig in? Right, Hamelin. And, surprise, surprise, Hamline University calls its teams the Pipers, too. Should be some fascinating headlines around Minnesota this winter.

MY FRIENDS

The presidential race thus far has resembled, at times, a group of young boys vying for the post of team captain on the basis of which one has the best collection of bubble-gum cards. Athletics for Nixon, which includes among its members Wilt Chamberlain, Bart Starr, Ted Williams, Eddie Arcaro and Andy Granatelli, believes that Richard Nixon's election "will put our country's 'first team' on the field." Hubert Humphrey is in formation with O. J. Simpson, on the mound with Dean Chance, down the field with Bob Hayes and in the ring with Jack Dempsey. Y. A. Tittle is working for Ronald Reagan, the late Robert Kennedy had Rafer Johnson and Roosevelt Grier in his camp and Nelson Rockefeller numbers Hank Aaron

and Announcer Howard Cosell among the sports personalities slumping for him. Even our George Wallace, who seems uninterested in fun and games, is being supported by Frank (Pig) House, the old Detroit bonus catcher, and by Dicky Magle, the Rice halfback who scored four touchdowns—including one on which he was tackled from the bench by an Alabama player—in the 1954 Cotton Bowl game. Only Eugene McCarthy is campaigning without active assistance from big name athletes, but he does have Paul Newman, who shot a pretty good game of pool in *The Hustler*.

EMERGING

In various African nations what might be called the national team spirit is in conflict with one feature of what might be called the sporting look: the miniskirt. "All we want," says the *Malawi News*, official organ of the president's Malawi Congress Party, "is the nakedness to stop at once."

Malawi outlawed the miniskirt four months ago. "Proper dress," the *News* says, "is necessary for the moral health of the nation." Similarly, Kenya's defense minister has called miniskirts "an affront to the dignity and purpose of African society."

The Public Morals Commission of South Africa's Dutch Reformed Church urged authorities to prosecute the over-exposed. A South African lawyer, however, has argued that common law required proof that a miniskirt wearer was wearing it not merely to keep up with fashion, but with intent to deprave.

In Ethiopia there were demonstrations when a fashion show featured miniskirts, and the demonstrations led to riots. Fifty people were injured, 100 vehicles were destroyed and schools were closed for two weeks. In Zambia miniskirts have been branded un-Zambian, and militants have let down lofty beams with razors in the city streets.

Of course that might be something of a sport in itself.

THEY SAID IT

• Sam Gordon, wealthy Sacramento restaurateur, after saying he'd willingly lose money to get a Pacific Coast League baseball franchise for his city: "I can afford \$100,000 a year for 25 years, but no more than that. I don't want to get into a business that's going to lose money permanently."

END

MINDING OUR OWN BUSINESS

BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK



NEW LISTING.

We've always known that **BUSINESS WEEK** was important reading for investors. We deliver so much news about business, and so many forecasts about business futures.

However, even we were a bit surprised by a phone call from a stockbroker in Baltimore. His question: how come the Bemis Company didn't have their usual ad on the fourth cover of **BUSINESS WEEK**? He was a close watcher of Bemis stock, he explained, and therefore a close watcher of Bemis advertising. Was Bemis planning any change in their program?

Well, **BUSINESS WEEK** keeps its mouth shut about the plans of our advertisers. But we did point out that Bemis ran a four-color spread in the second cover position of that issue.

The episode proved that it's not just **BW's** editorial pages that investors watch. They look at the index on the next-to-last page—the weekly listing of **BUSINESS WEEK** advertisers. You might say it's **BUSINESS WEEK's** own "Exchange"—of ideas and information between America's leading companies. Want to be listed? Just call us down at the Street, 42nd, that is.

Business Week

You advertise in
BUSINESS WEEK
to inform
management



THE JUNKMAN COOLS IT

It was nearly 100° on the fairways of the Pecan Valley Country Club, but old Julius Boros, moving slow and hitting what he calls "a lot of junk" fast, beat the heat and his juniors to win the PGA Championship **by DAN JENKINS**

A few miles southeast of the Alamo, in a sunken oven of pecan trees and thick, baked Bermuda grass, on land so unpicturesque it makes you wonder why Mexico ever wanted to keep it or why Texas wanted it even for shopping centers, a middle-aged man struck a marvelous blow for tired, portly, beer-drinking, slow-moving fathers of seven. Last

Sunday Julius Boros, who is all of the above, and who says he doesn't so much play spectacular golf as simply "throw a lot of junk up in the air," won the 50th anniversary PGA Championship.

It was a rousing tournament that had just about everybody in contention at one time or another except Davy Crockett, Jim Bowie and Jack Nicklaus. With nine holes left to play during Sunday's final round, and the sun over San Antonio's Pecan Valley Country Club turning the course into the world's largest sauna, the 48-year-old Boros was one of 10 players all jammed up and sweating and within a single stroke of each other. Then Julius calmly emerged from the pack with a 69 for a four-round total of 281 to become the oldest man (Jerry Barber won the PGA at 45) ever to win a major golf championship. Boros did it by rescuing a par 4 on the last hole—a brutal, narrow, long, uphill, evilly conceived thing that had the golfers in a mutinous state.

Only moments before, Arnold Palmer, playing beautifully and hitting some of his finest shots in years, had come to this 18th hole looking like the miracle maker of yore. He had smashed a 230-yard spoon shot out of the Bermuda rough, up the hill and onto the rolling, gramy green about eight feet from the flag, while his multitudes, which had been swelled by deserters from Lee's Flies when Lee Trevino double-bogeyed himself out of contention on the first six holes, went into a yowling fit.

Arnie would make the birdie and either tie or win. Just like old times, right? Palmer hunched over the putt, and absolutely nothing could be heard but the hum of the Goodyear blimp circling overhead, and perhaps a cricket or two.

He gave it a good rap, as he had so many other good birdie putts during the afternoon, but he played just a hair too much right-hand break, and, for the ninth time in his brilliant career, Palmer was a runner-up in one of the big four tournaments.

With the crowd still agonizing for him, he moved into the scorer's shed and turned his back to what Boros was doing. "I can't play any better," he said. "The way you hit the irons, it could have been a 64," a friend said.

And Palmer said, "That's what it should have been. That's right. But they just wouldn't drop."

It was Palmer's 11th try in the PGA, the one big title he has never won, and this was the closest he has come. Ironically, little was expected of him. He had missed the cut at the Masters, played terribly in the U.S. Open, finishing 59th, and was really never a contender in the British Open a fortnight ago.

Still, he was enthusiastic. He had won the Texas Open three times in San Antonio and considered it a lucky town. He said he liked hot weather and Bermuda greens. And one of Palmer's traits is that he has always been able to "get up" for something he hasn't accomplished—like winning the PGA. "I want this title," he said before the final round got under way. "I'm not playing for the \$25,000."

Julius Boros never looks like he is playing for anything except self-punishment. He wastes no time; he just strolls up and slaps the ball. Good or bad, whichever it turns out, Julius walks away expressionless. He stands under an umbrella like a man who has had to wait for every red light throughout his life and is used to it. He smokes and sips a



Young Marty Fleckman faltered at final hole



After teeing in three-footer on the 18th for a near-certain win, Boros jigs — almost — for joy

beer, and you can almost sense the pain in his back when he slowly bends over to mark his ball or to take another hurdle putt out of the cup.

Boros had a long wait on the last hole while the Palmer melodrama unfolded. He waited on the tee as Arnold got a free drop in the rough out from under a television cable strung through the pecan trees. And after driving down the middle of the fairway, Julius had to wait for Palmer to miss that putt. Then Boros hit a poor shot, a funky three-wood that never rose and plunked miserably into the upslope. This left him 30 yards short of the green and about 45 yards from the pin, which was on the back side behind a hump of Bermuda.

"I can't plan what I'm going to do," Julius said. "I'm not like these young stars. I just throw some junk in the air and hope it stays out of the rough and eventually gets to the green."

Boros threw a pitching wedge into the green on this, his third shot, a low punch that hit the hump perfectly and skipped down to within three feet of the hole. It was a shot that knocked out not only Palmer but all of the other challengers who were in and out of it during the day, principally Bob Charles and Marty Fleckman.

Of course, there was a slight chance that Boros would miss the putt and find himself in a playoff with Palmer and Charles and even Fleckman. On Saturday he had missed shorter putts on the 14th and 15th holes for a double bogey and a bogey, turning a 68 into a 70. The grain on Pecan Valley's greens jerked a lot of putts off-line, and nobody in the field took them for granted.

As Boros got ready to study the putt that would win the championship, some of San Antonio's less-than-golf-wise fans giggled, and one of them, trying to break the nervous tension around the green, bellowed, "Worried 'bout makin' that 'un, June-is?" Boros either didn't hear it or didn't acknowledge it if he did. He went ahead to the putt as a bunch of PGA officials in their funny red hats growled "Quiet!" at the fans. Of course, Julius took an awful lot of time on the putt. Must have been at least two or three seconds. Someone even said he

continued

broke stride to stand over the ball.

The PGA Championship that Boros won has been a long-suffering tournament that never quite seems to know what to do with itself. Only out of kindness, or perhaps a sense of history, have people outside the Professional Golfers' Association kept it a part of what are considered to be the four important titles in the game. The others, of course, are the U.S. Open, the Masters and the British Open.

The PGA lost its personality a few years ago when it gave up the only thing that made it distinctive—match play format. It might have made up for that loss if the championship had been played on famed courses, the way the Open is, or if a lot of unexpected guys hadn't kept winning it. PGA champions are not as well-remembered as they were when the Ben Hogans, Sam Sneads and Byron Nelsons were struggling with one another head to head. PGA champions are folks like Al Geiberger. Don Jan-

uary, Dave Marr, Bob Rosburg, Lionel Hebert and Bobby Nichols—players who list it as their *only* major accomplishment, fine fellows and good golfers though they are.

The PGA has been a freaky tournament since it changed to stroke play, and usually it is played on freaky courses. Last year it was held at Columbine in Denver, a city that has Cherry Hills. It was at Columbus Country Club in 1964, a city that has Scioto. It was at the Dallas Athletic Club in 1963, and Aronimink in Philadelphia in 1962 and a whole suburb full of Llanerchs in the past. Occasionally, there would be a beauty among new courses, like Laurel Valley in 1965, where Marr won. But mostly the PGA has let itself be sold on courses which simply do not look good whether they are or not.

Pecan Valley was such a course. It was new, and, with the overlarge supermarket-type sign out on the street and with its small, one-story modern clubhouse and a row of condominiums straying off in two directions and no trees anywhere near the 9th and 10th greens, it looked pretty much like a place where you pull in, drop off your cleaning and pick up hamburgers for the kids. The fact that the championship had been awarded to Pecan Valley during the late Warren Cantrell's term of office as president of the PGA (Warren Cantrell being from San Antonio and being in the employ of the man who built Pecan Valley and started the development) led to several jokes about the place. It was Dudley Green of the *Nashville Banner* who said: "The president of the PGA could get this tournament on a nine-hole course in three years."

However, despite the look of Pecan Valley, it proved to be a course that provided the best PGA tournament in years, an old-fashioned kind of tournament in fact, that forced the players to think and plan and finesse their shots instead of just slamming the ball as hard as they know how, and then reaching for the wedge or putter. Many of the large pecan trees down in the bottom land leaned out into the fairways, prompting either low shots or high, hooked shots or fade shots. Salado Creek ambled in and out of the premises, a dark little snake of a wet bed, but troublesome enough to force lay-ups. Finally, the greens were irregular and grainy and rolling and humping so that the flag po-

sitions made a good deal of difference.

It was the kind of course where you could envision a Ben Hogan really working and managing a round of golf. You had to stay left here and stay right there, be short this time, get around the corner and play to the side of the green, regardless of the pin, so you could putt with the grain.

All of this took a couple of the big hitters out of the tournament right away. Jack Nicklaus, with the aid of a 120-yard, left-handed, upside-down seven-iron—he was up against a tree trunk—survived the first day with a 71 but not the second. He shot a 79 and missed the cut for the third time in a major championship. (Previously, he had missed at the U.S. Open at Brookline in 1963 and at the Masters in 1967.) After his first round he went to Hermisfair, a sort of mini-World's Fair going on in San Antonio across the alley from the Alamo, and perhaps, as both Jack and the song said, he stayed too long at the fair.

"I just played really sloppy," he said. "I certainly didn't expect to after playing pretty good at Oak Hill and Carnoustie. These weren't my favorite kind of greens, and I'm not overfond of courses where you have to lay up a lot."

Tom Weiskopf, another of the boomers and a man who had won two tournaments on this year's tour, managed to let Pecan Valley annoy him even more. He shot 77-82 and went home.

But if Pecan Valley was getting to some of the long players, it didn't get to all of them. Marty Fleckman, for example, can hit the drive right up there with Nicklaus and Weiskopf and, surprisingly, he was either the leader or tied for the lead through the first three rounds. Fleckman, who is in his first full year on the tour as a pro, took an early lead with a 66. He followed it with a 72, after a double-bogey six on the 18th, and was tied with steady Frank Beard. Fleckman shot another 72 and was still tied with Beard after 54 holes, Beard having fired rounds of 68-70-72. Fleckman was playing smart, and Beard was playing smoothly, hitting more fairways than anyone else, and both had a reputation, being Texans, of putting well on Bermuda greens.

As a matter of fact, as the last round began, the top eight or so players in contention all had reputations of being good finesse players or straight hitters or were experienced as in the cases of Boros



Lee Trevino needed both hands to right heel

and Palmer, and Pecan Valley's members could certainly take some pride in the fact that their course was responsible. After all, this was what golf was all about, wasn't it?

One of those bracketed in a seven-way tie for third behind the co-leaders through 54 holes was Lee Trevino, the happy-go-lucky character who won the Open in Rochester and gave golf a shot of Methedrine. Trevino scrambled all through the pecans during the first three rounds, waving at his Fleas, chatting with most everybody, fungoing golf balls from the practice tee with his family size Mr. Pepper bottle and generally being the likable, comical guy that he is. He also shot 69-71-72.

He had his usual collection of wisecracks and headline grabbers for the gallery. "If I win, I'm gonna throw a picnic for 25,000 kids," he announced. "Naw, I didn't bring my wife here. Do you take a hamburger to a banquet? I didn't take a six-pack to Milwaukee, did I?"

For the last round, when he was paired with Palmer—it would be the Army vs. the Fleas, everybody said—Lee wore the red and black ensemble he wore at Rochester—but he didn't have the same swing, or luck. He double-bogeyed the 1st hole and then the 6th, and as the day wore on, he slowly faded into the background, shooting a 76 and finishing tied for 23rd.

Fleckman, who at 24 is half Boros' age, got off to a good start, with a birdie at the 2nd hole. For a while there the former University of Houston star, who wears a cap he must have inherited from Hogan and takes pointers from Byron Nelson, opened a two-stroke lead on the field. Palmer was one-under at the time, after his only birdie of the day at the 4th hole, but still two back. Boros was three over par, after a bogey at the second, and he didn't look like he was going to do anything about it.

Suddenly Julius punched an iron up to the 5th green and got an eight-footer in for a birdie, and then he flicked an iron onto the 6th green over Salado Creek and dropped this 15-footer for another birdie, and he was back in the game.

When the crowd moved to the last nine holes the scoreboard briefly blinked with the names of the four players tied at one over par for the tournament: Boros, Palmer, Fleckman and Bob Charles, the left-hander who quietly hangs in and threatens to speak more than three words before the end of the



The sun got to Arnold Palmer, too, especially after yet another birdie putt failed to drop.

year. Six other golfers, including Dave Stockton, Frank Beard and George Archer, who was still trying to recover from an eight on the 1st hole of the third round, were only two over, and people were trying to imagine what a play-off would be like with seven or eight guys in it.

Then Julius put it away. He birdied the 11th from 15 feet to break out of the pack. He bogeyed the 14th to fall back into a momentary tie with Fleckman, and then with Charles when Bob birdied the 15th. But Boros had a four-iron onto the par-3 16th and made this 12-foot putt to jump ahead again. And even after slicing into the woods on the 17th, which led to a bogey, he still held the

lead into the last hole, mainly because Palmer couldn't get a putt to fall.

Sixteen years ago, in Texas, Boros outlasted the sun and a strong field and won the first of his three major championships, the 1952 U.S. Open at Northwood. Eleven years later he won another U.S. Open at Brookline, at The Country Club, and now, five years after that, he has won the National PGA.

How does Boros keep doing it? Like he says, throw the junk up, watch it come down in the right place, walk don't run, study the hell out of things for two seconds, give it another whack. Nothing's going to stop "June-as" from winning tournaments when he's 38—his kind of game is made for the long haul. **END**



A Masterful Meeting of Two-score Men

There were ex-Olympians, and there were men who took up running to keep their weight down, and they were in San Diego's Balboa Stadium last weekend 190 strong—more or less—to compete in the First Annual U.S. Masters Track and Field Championships for men 40 or older. Meet Chairman David Pain, whose name was not wholly irrelevant, considered it a galloping success. Former world record holder Fortune Gordien, 45, won the discus with a 140-foot toss. George Rhoden, 41, who set a world 400-meter mark in 1950, pulled a muscle and placed fifth in the 100, which was won by Don Badinelli, 40. He had just quit his police job to go to school and become a track coach. John A. Kelley, 60, ran his 93rd marathon. Surely they were masters all.

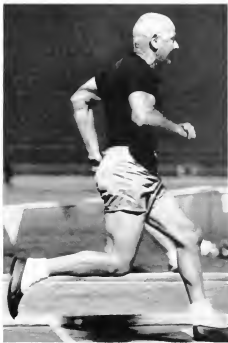
Kennesaw School Principal Dave Shreder, 54, has been throwing the discus since 1928, once held the collegiate record. He finished third.

John Cochran of Nevada, 49, ran six-mile race in glasses and beard, while Paul Walker, 59, essayed the 100-yard dash in his slippers.

CONTINUED



The crowds consisted mostly of children and wives. Here, showing understandable concern, sons clock their fathers and urge them on.



Two-score (continued)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THEOBY & LONG



Dave Shrader, the above man, donned windbreaker and glasses to put the shot. This effort was rewarded by his son's "Good put, big Dad."



Northern California's Louis Fields, 48 (HR), lines up with San Diego's Elbert Smith, 51, for the 440 dash. Fields finished third.





*Entrants without health certificates got free checkups. Here Marge
ref Thompson checks verifashion contestant George Puterbaugh, 43*



*These are socks and street shoes in which
Californian James Bradstreet, 48, tried to
qualify in a heat of the 100. He didn't make it*



*Former world record holder Bud Held, 48
receives javelin winner's medal from Carl
Harding. Richard Bergenback, 41 was second*

The Anguish of a Team Divided



Racism, a destroyer of both spirit and performance, exists to varying degrees on almost all professional athletic teams in the U.S. The St. Louis Cardinals of the National Football League provide a disturbing and poignant example of the chaos that can result **By Jack Olsen**



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CONTINUED

The Black Athlete continued

The oversized St. Louis Cardinal lineman squeezed into the airplane seat next to a front-office staffer and began babbling about esoterics. "Do you have a soul?" the lineman said. "Well, I know I have one, I've been on earth before." The Cardinals had won that afternoon's game against the Washington Redskins, and no one else on the flight home was engaged in deep discussions about reincarnation, life after death or the tragic fate of man.

The player rambled on. "A long, long time ago I was here and I was a cock-roach," he said, "and people pushed me around and stepped on me and finally killed me. Then I was reincarnated as a buffalo, and people shot me and I died." The lineman paused. "And then I came back as an American Negro," he said. "I can't win no way!" Later, when all the excitement started, the front-office staff member was to remember that remark vividly.

Others were to recall the time a group of black Cardinals strolled into the dressing room with medallions dangling from their necks. Two or three of them were young players, still largely unproved personnel like Linebacker Jamie Rivers and Running Back Roy Shivers and Defensive End Fred Heron, but there were also such performers as Bobby Reynolds, a first-string tackle, and Cornerback Bobby Williams. At the first sight of this black contingent descending upon the dressing room the other players merely gawked. Then the acknowledged leader of the team's white supremacy cell, an outspoken man with a quick mind and a caustic wit, stepped toward Williams. He looked the 26-year-old player up and down and finally said, "What the hell's that around your neck? You trying to strangle yourself?"

Williams said jokingly, "Man, that's black power!"

The white player groaned and rolled his eyes at the ceiling. "Bobby," he said, "if you're indicative of black power and all the other niggers are as smart as you, we whites will never have anything to worry about!"

Ernie McMillan, the 260-pound offensive tackle in his seventh year with the club, sat in front of his locker shaking his head dolefully. Later he said to

a friend, "One of the white boys asked 'What are those things?' and Bobby said, 'black power,' and the white player believed him. Now, how naive can a guy be? Those aren't black-power medallions. Did you ever see one around Stekiel Carmichael's neck or Rip Brown's? And yet some of these white players are naive enough to believe the first thing that's told 'em'!"

It will come as no surprise to astute pro-football fans that the Cardinals of St. Louis have had a racial problem. The lid blew off the simmering pot at the end of last season, and since then deep thinkers have been trying to figure out what is uniquely rotten about this team. They might have saved their energies. The Cardinals are working hard and fruitfully on their racial problems, and though the situation they have is probably slightly worse than that on any other NFL team, it is not so much worse that the rest can be sanctimonious about St. Louis. Not for one moment. Prejudice is too common a commodity in professional football, routine, expected. Almost every team, for example, has a cove of white racists like the one on the Cardinals, one that geographical origin does not explain. On the Cardinals, the white racist group was dominated by a player from the North, and several of the most outspoken anti-Negro players were from above the Mason-Dixon line. Says Prentice Gault, the veteran running back who has now been hired as an assistant football coach at the University of Missouri, "Somebody said to me once, 'You must have a hard core of red-necks on the Cardinals.' I said, 'You deal in understatements.'"

"Two or three bad racists polarized the whole team," says a white Cardinal who has managed to remain apart from the clique. "When one of the white supremacists first came here he was a pretty straight guy. The racists put the heat on him and let him know it had to be one way or the other. They tried the same thing with me. The problem was that the leader of the racist clique was intelligent. He was a natural spokesman for bigots, and because he was clever and witty and such a good bullplayer he commanded respect and greatly influenced new bullplayers."

"The haters come in all shapes and sizes," says Willis Crenshaw, the handsome first-string running back whose home town is St. Louis. "A few of them have these quick tongues, yes, but some of them are just plain stupid, too. White trash. If it wasn't for football, they'd be zeros. We have one hater who poses as a good Christian boy. It's a hoax. He thinks he can counsel Negroes, but at the same time he's no different from the others on the team. After we made our complaints and the whole thing came out into the open, this guy went around saying that it came as a big surprise to him. Sure it did. The reason he was surprised is he thought you were supposed to treat Negroes bad. That's the way it's done where he comes from."

Roy Shivers, the tough little runner from Utah State who signed for an estimated \$300,000 in bonus and salaries, speaks bitterly of the general situation on the Cardinals. "Every white player wants to be a coach," Shivers says, "and he practices on the Negroes. Every time a Negro player makes a mistake on the ball club he's got two coaches and six players clustering around him to tell him what he did wrong. This situation comes straight down from the coaching staff and the front office. We even have certain bullplayers who'll cuss the coach out, but let a Negro do something like that and see how long he'll stay here. There's a double standard any way you look. That's the history of this team and, for all I know, the other teams, too. Back in Wally Lemm's day it was really bad on the Cardinals. Veterans like Thunder Thornton and Prentice Gault—they can talk for hours on what was done to them. But I don't think it's that much better right now."

Shivers has had to take especially harsh treatment from the white supremacy forces on the Cardinals, partially because he is married interracially. His position has been made all the more difficult because he is on the punt-return team, he is one of those stoic individuals who must stand all alone in the cold fall air and wait for a long kick to descend to earth while tons of opposing flesh charge down the field and thousands of fans await the fumble. "I realize I should be a professional and stay

loose out there," Shivers says, "but every Negro player on this team is tense. In my rookie season, I returned a punt, and after I was tackled this big white player of ours grabs me by the shoulders and he hollers, 'You little bastard, you don't even know how to follow blocking.'"

In last year's opening game before a crowd of 40,000 at Busch Stadium in St. Louis, Shivers fumbled just before the half. "The Giants tried a field goal and missed it," Shivers recalls. "and my fumble didn't hurt us. And then comes the gun for the half, and the snide remarks begin. 'Hold onto the ball, you little punk!' Stuff like that. It kept up all through the halftime. Now, I'm a professional. Nobody needs to tell me when I make a mistake. Honest to God, I know I'm a Negro and I'm supposed to be some kind of an inferior animal, but, honest to God, I knew I had fumbled! I already knew it! We're running

out on the field for the second half and they're still on me. And it was on my mind something awful not to fumble again, and I fumbled the first chance I got. In the locker room that's all you heard about. And after something like that I'd go home and sit up at night and wonder: Am I bad? Did I deserve what they said? You know, going crazy is a thin line. A lot of times I come home to my apartment and look at the four walls and get to thinking how this stuff doesn't seem real, and I begin to wonder about myself. For the first time in my life I'm beginning to wonder."

Willis Crenshaw is now a regular on the Cardinals, unlike the struggling Shivers, but he went through some of the same agonies two years ago. "I think I only had about five fumbles in the 1966 season," he remembers, "but I was benched for the rest of the season when I fumbled twice against Chicago in our eighth game. And from then on the

white players were on me about fumbling. I was ostracized, and it took me a long time to get over the tension from that. When you do get a chance to get back in there and show what you can do, you're so tense that you just mess up anyway. So what's the result? The result is that the Cardinals have paid the highest salaries and bonuses and put together the best personnel in pro football, and we don't win anything."

Now and then Crenshaw finds himself wondering whose side the Cardinal red-necks are on. "Some of them can get the old tension started even before the game," he says. "Like one day I showed up in the dressing room 55 minutes before the game started. We're supposed to be there an hour before the whistle, but I'm the kind of ballplayer that hates to sit around waiting. I get overly nervous, so I like to just come in and dress and go out on the field and play. I come in five minutes late, and this big white player tromps over and he says, 'If you'd think more about the games, maybe we'd do a lot better than we're doing.'"

"I said, 'What do you mean by that?'"

"He says, 'You think you can walk in here anytime you want to.' And he's talking at the top of his lungs, and everybody in the place can hear this, including the coaches. But nobody says a word. So I said, 'Hey, man, you're a player. Do you think you can chew me out just because you feel like it? If somebody's gonna chew me out, it's gonna be the coach.'"

"And he got mad. He started hollering all kinds of junk. You can imagine how we felt when we went out to play the game. But this guy's a particularly big offender. He was doing stuff like that all the time. Once, one of our black players clipped somebody on a punt return, and this white guy ran off our bench and hollered, 'Don't you ever do that again!' And he ran his own teammate off the field! Where are the coaches when stuff like this is going on? They're sitting there watching."

Says Johnny Roland, the 1966 Rookie of the Year and the big spike in the Cardinal backfield: "Some of those white guys can ruin a ballplayer, a good

continued



"I was reincarnated as a buffalo. People shot me and I died. Then I came back as a Negro."

The Black Athlete

Continued

ballplayer. A guy like Charlie Bryant deserves some special handling: he's a very nervous individual, one of these guys who goes to sleep at midnight and gets up at 5 a.m. You know the kind. Being nervous, he makes mistakes. Not that he doesn't know the plays or that he isn't bright, but he gets excited. Now, this could all be overcome. But, instead, some of the white players ride him and make him more nervous, and it's like a chain reaction."

"They holler at Charlie that he's dumb," says Cornerback Bobby Williams, who also is a favorite target of the Cardinal racists. "And Charlie gets all shook up and makes another mistake and they holler, 'Dumb! Dumb! Dumb!' at him. And they figure they can treat him like dirt. One time he's playing on the punting team and he got hurt pretty bad, and one of the white guys ran out on the field and stood over him and hollered, 'Get up, you son of a bitch, you're not hurt! Get off the field!' I said, 'Wait a minute, man, the guy's hurt!' I got me some look from that white player."

According to the racists on the team, Negroes like Bobby Williams and Charlie Bryant are troublemakers who would be cut from any other squad. "We kept 10 Negroes around here last year that don't even belong in football," says the leader of the group, the man with the great talent and twisted views and sharp tongue. "They say they're being prejudiced against, and yet I can name you 10 of those guys—and I'll put \$50,000 in escrow tomorrow that if any one of them ever stars for a team in the NFL you can have the money. That's how bad they are! Some of them couldn't make my college team. And yet these guys are in the upper 1st of the per-capita income of all Negroes, and if this is the way they're going to act with all that money, complaining all the time, just think what a miserable place this country's gonna be when the other shames catch up."

The argument that only the Cardinals' marginal black players make complaints blithely ignores the fact that every Negro on the team approved the letter last December that finally brought the gripes into the open. Even superstar Johnny Roland, who was in the hospital at the time, announced loudly that he wanted to be counted in. "It's true that I've

been treated pretty good on the club," says Roland, "but I got eyes. I could see what they were doing to the other guys. And I had to say to myself, 'Suppose you weren't Rookie of the Year? Suppose they could just reach out and replace you real easy?' How would they be treating you? I'd be getting what guys like Fred Heron were getting."

Fred Heron played at San Jose State as a defensive tackle, and the Packers traded him to St. Louis in 1966 after drafting him in the third round. Some of his black teammates feel that Heron has the ingredients of an All-League defensive lineman, but so far he has failed to live up to any portion of his promise.

"These things are hard to figure," says Willis Crenshaw, "but I'm willing to bet that most of Fred's trouble is in his mind. He has a tendency to get excited, and when he does he stutters. I'm kind of touchy about this myself, because I have a speech defect, kind of a lisp, and I'm conscious of defects in others. I mean, you should consider yourself fortunate and try to help people with defects. But one day we were all sitting at a meeting in training camp and one of the coaches was making up a list of who wanted steak and who wanted eggs for the pregame meal, and when he got to Fred he said, 'Fred, do you want steak or eggs?' and Fred stood up and he was all excited, because he was a rookie, and he couldn't get it out. And everybody started cracking up. From then on, some of the white players would go up to Fred and say, 'Hey, Fred, how do you like your eggs?' and then they'd laugh themselves silly. Now I know this isn't necessarily a racial thing. Anyway, it's hard to show that it is. It's more like something that permeates the whole Cardinal team. The Cardinals like to pick on the frailties of individuals, whether it's their color or their speech or whatever. And then it goes from that into outright nastiness. I mean, if they can kid a guy about a speech defect and get away with it, why not start bullying him, too?"

Once the Cardinals were showering after one of their numerous losses, and stuttering Fred Heron made the mistake of flushing a toilet, the effect of which was to draw off cold water from the system and turn the shower into a momentary red-hot spray. Everyone within a city block heard what happened. A

white player jumped out of the shower and called Heron a "black sonofabitch." Heron says, "This wasn't the first time he'd called me a black something-or-other, but now he's not only saying that, he's acting like he wants to fight. I couldn't get it through my head what he was hollering about. Excuse me, but I'd always been taught that you were supposed to flush toilets after you use them. So I tried to reason with him. I said, 'Look, you don't have to cuss at me, and especially you didn't have to say what you said.' But he kept right on. The coaches were there, too. They heard every word of it, but, as usual, they didn't make a move. So finally I told him to watch his mouth or I'd have to bust him, and I turned around and walked away."

One day the same white player took Bobby Williams aside and said, "Hey, Bobby, you know what Coach Drulis called you this morning? A nigger." The angered Williams went straight to Chuck Drulis' office and confronted him with the charge, which was promptly denied, and after talking to everyone who had been with the coach that morning, Williams concluded that the white player had only been trying to stir up trouble. "That was his idea of a good laugh," Williams says.

The effect of such bagged troublemakers on a team like the Cardinals is to force a lot of borderline whites across the line into racism and to divide the team sharply. As of the end of last season there were eight or 10 ardent racists on the Cardinal roster, and another eight or 10 whose hearts were not in it but who were bowing to the pressure from the right. The Negroes speak of this as "secondary pressure" and tend to look down on these influenced players as spineless.

"Secondary pressure is a big thing on this team," says Willis Crenshaw. "Here's how it works. We had two Negro rookies, Ted Wheeler and Jamie Rivers, and they were real good friends with two white players. In fact, they were all gonna be roommates together. But when they got settled in St. Louis the haters put so much pressure on these guys that it all ended. You can see this secondary pressure even in the Sidelineers, our wives' club. At the beginning of each season the new white wives are always friendly to the Negro wives, but as the season

Continued



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The Black Athlete

goes on they become more and more aloof."

Some of the lily-white members of the Sidelines almost swooned dead away last season when they looked up from their drinks to see the extremely black Bobby Williams doing the boogaloo with the extremely white Kat Gambrell, the lissome wife of Split End Billy Gambrell. The Gambrells are Southerners—Billy is from Georgia and his wife from South Carolina—but they treat people as individuals, and on at least one occasion Billy has been close to a fistfight over the subject of race on the Cardinals. His wife tells the story of the dance:

"It was at the Falstaff Inn, where the team goes to relax, and Bobby went out on the floor in front of 300 people and said, 'Come on, Kat, let's dance,' and I certainly wasn't about to embarrass him. I felt that if my husband didn't object—which he certainly didn't—and Bobby Williams had always treated me like a lady, well, I certainly wouldn't embarrass him. And you know how the boogaloo and the stomp and these modern dances are—you don't even touch your partner. But I was shocked when I saw what was happening when we started to dance. You could see the huddles gathering and people whispering together. They were getting upset. It hurt me so much for people to act so small."

Willis Crenshaw remembers the scene, indeed, it was one of the dramatic high points of the Cardinals' lackluster season. "There was no roll of drums or anything like that," Crenshaw says, "and nobody hollered, 'Stop the music!' but everybody knew what was going on. The tension filled the place like a low cloud."

Bobby Williams did nothing to ease matters when he thanked Mrs. Gambrell for the dance and strolled to the side of one of the most prejudiced wives of one of the most prejudiced players to ask her for the next dance. "She said she was just too tired," Williams says, chuckling at his own audacity, "but she was really scared. My wife was there, she got a big kick out of it."

Other incidents involving race and sex have not been so funny to the black Cardinals. One white woman who was seen sitting in a nightclub with a Negro player was called "nigger lover" to her face by a white player. "Not many years ago a white member of the Cardinal staff

told a white maid at training camp that she should stop seeing one of the Negro players. He told her she would be better off to date somebody like—well, er—himself. The maid compromised, she dated both men, and for the rest of the season she kept the black player informed about the white man's racial outbursts. "That was a great help for team solidarity," says Johnny Roland. "It was like *Payson Place*."

A white player bristles at the nerve of Negroes who tell such tales out of school about the master race. "They say things like that about whites and then they want our respect?" he says. "Well, they won't have our respect as long as they keep getting caught with white women. To me, that's the worst offense there is—dating white girls. They'll take a white girl out, and then they'll stand up in a team meeting and say, 'We demand your respect.' And our Southern guys just hate 'em for it."

Sometimes this feeling is made quite explicit. Last year when the Cardinals played in Washington, D.C., Roy Shivers bumped into a girl he had known in college at Utah State. "We were old friends," Shivers says. "She'd sort of felt sorry for me in college, and sometimes she practically kept me from starving. I knew her fiancé, and it was perfectly all right with everybody when I took her out to dinner in the restaurant of the Dupont Plaza Hotel. That's where the team was staying, and I wasn't trying to hide from anybody. Well, after dinner we were sitting out in the lobby talking and a couple of the Cardinal coaches came by and gave us the funny look and started laughing. The next thing I knew, one of the older Negro players came to me and said, 'The coach wants you to cool it, be a bit more discreet.' I said, 'Can't I have friends?'"

On Williams' Crenshaw's first road trip with the Cardinals, he had a long conversation with a stewardess on the St. Louis-Dallas run. "Just before we landed," Crenshaw recalls, "this girl said to me, 'Give me a call.' Well, when we got off the plane one of the white guys cornered me and said, 'If I was you I wouldn't try to make a white girl in front of the team.' You could tell he was trying to keep his voice down, pretend like he really didn't care, but he was puffing and he was red as a beet. I said, 'Make a white girl? Who was try-

ing to make a white girl?' He says, 'If I was you I'd be smarter than that.' Then he started to get all worked up about it. So I finally said, 'Well, I don't want to cause any trouble on the team. I'm just a rookie, and if you think it's detrimental for me to talk to a stewardess, I'll just cool it.' But I know of several cases where white players got themselves lined up with Negro girls. So what? Am I supposed to get all excited and tell them to cool it, that it's detrimental to the team? Here I am in the professional game, presumably among the highest type guys, and the prejudice is something awful."

Strangely enough, the prejudice is "something awful" mainly on the St. Louis sports scene, for the most part the city itself has come a long way from its earlier reputation as a southern-type town that ghettoized Negroes and punished them for their color. Like Minneapolis and Buffalo and Boston and almost every municipality, the "Gateway to the West" has a long way to go, but fewer and fewer St. Louisans are acting like the one who sells meat to the Cardinals.

"He runs a place where the white players used to go and get \$50 worth of meat for \$15," says Prentice Gault. "A long time ago the meat man sent one of the white ballplayers back to tell us that Negroes weren't wanted there. He said we were hurting his business. I think it's all straightened out now, but I still don't think he gives the Negroes as much discount as he gives the whites."

Gault's former teammates agree. Says Ernie McMillan: "You wouldn't catch me buying meat from that man, even though he will sell it to us if we put in our orders by telephone. Abe Woodson used to go down there, and once he added it all up and found out he was paying the full price." Bobby Williams says one of the team's Negroes put in a large order and compared the discount against the discount given the same day to a white player. "The white guy was getting a hell of a lot off, almost getting the meat free," says Williams. "The black discount was 3'. And then around Christmas time you'll see the white players in the locker room collecting money for a present for this meat guy, and another present for a guy who sells hunting equipment at a discount to whites only. One day a white player comes up

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to me and he says, 'We're collecting for So-and-so, the meat man.' I said, 'For who?' He named the guy again, and I said, 'Who's he?' The white player said, 'He's the guy who gives us the meat.' I said, 'Gives you the meat? He don't give me no meat.' So the white guy says, 'Well, then, you don't have to give anything.' I says, 'Thank you very much.' But wouldn't you think they'd have a list right up on the bulletin board, who gives discounts to members of the Cardinals, how much and all that? No, it's all secret stuff, and it's mostly all white."

"It's a free country," says Ernie McMillan, who comes as close to being leader of the black Cardinals as anyone, now that Premise Gautt has gone, "and if they want to give special deals to the whites, that's their business. But there's no unity on a football team when some of the players will accept favors that are doled to another because of his color. You can say, 'So what? You don't have to give me any meat.' But it eats away at you. It takes a hell of a guy not to be bothered by something like that. He's a member of the team, but he can't take part."

Says a white member of the team, one of the handful who refuse to do business with the white-only discounters: "This looks like nothing, I know, but the white guys are making a big mistake. If a merchant wants to give a certain gift to a favorite player that he admires and that he has come to know personally, fine. But when color becomes the sole criterion of these favors, then the Negro players are absolutely right in feeling that their white teammates are letting them down."

According to the dozen or so Negroes on the 1967 Cardinal roster, their coaches also had let them down. "In fact," says Johnny Roland, "the coaches are maybe more to blame, because they set a tone that the white racist guys just follow. Some of the coaches treat us like animals, so why shouldn't the players do the same?" Says Gautt, "We had a Negro player who was always told that he didn't know his plays. The coaches' overall attitude was that he just wasn't smart enough. Maybe he was and maybe he wasn't, but some of us got the impression that this was just because he was a Negro. *Dumb* is the way he was made to feel. And soon the rest of the team was treating him the same way."

The prejudice begins even before the team hits the locker room, to hear the Cardinal Negroes tell about it. "There are definite signs of quotas and definite signs that players are stacked at certain positions," says Johnny Roland. "It isn't enough for a Negro to be good to make this team. He's got to be better than good. Of course, every team has the same rule: 'Be tough on rookies!' But when the rookie is a Negro, something else comes out secondarily—to be a little bit tougher."

The case of Ed McQuarters continues to baffle the black Cardinals. McQuarters was a reserve defensive tackle, and he impressed his Negro teammates highly. "He was a whole lot better than lots of other tackles I'd seen," says Bobby Williams, "and at Oklahoma he was one of the greatest linemen anybody'd ever seen." McQuarters had the quickness and instincts of a defensive tackle, but he was ill-equipped for the position to which he was switched: defensive end. "He was only 6' 1", says Ernie McMillan, "and he didn't have a feeling for the position. He was shorter than every guy he played against. The guy would straighten up and Ed would be lost. At end, he didn't have a chance, trying to take the job from great players like Joe Robb and Don Brumm. But in the middle of the line his quickness paid off and he could work."

McQuarters was cut from the squad in his second year and ended up playing in the Canadian League, where he was named Most Outstanding Lineman for 1967. "Don't ask me," says McMillan. "I can't explain it. Even some of the most prejudiced white players said they didn't understand that one."

Head Coach Charley Winner says, "We just didn't feel that Ed was good enough. He hadn't shown us anything. He didn't seem to have the temperament. It was a toss-up which guy we kept, and we let Ed go. Ed was a real fine guy, no troublemaker, but I don't regret letting him go. This is the sort of thing that will come up because Ed is a Negro. Nothing has been said about the white boys we let go who were in pretty much the same situation."

The McQuarters case proves neither that the Cardinals have a quota system nor that Negroes are stacked into certain positions while white players get their jobs automatically, as is so often

the case on college football teams. But it is suggestive of both possibilities. As one white Cardinal says, "The front office has nobody but itself to blame if people run around accusing them of cutting Ed McQuarters for racial reasons. If there weren't so many other racial things going on here, the thought wouldn't have entered anybody's head. The Negroes would think he was just a player that they let get away. It's possible the Negroes are only being touchy. But who the hell can blame them for being touchy the way they're treated around here?"

"All we ask is open competition for positions," says Willis Crenshaw, "and it hasn't been open. If a Negro ballplayer makes a mistake and there's a white ballplayer pushing him for the position, they make the switch right away. But if it's the other way around, the white stays in. Two of our white players, Pat Fischer and Jimmy Burson, were getting passes thrown over them all season, and they were heavily criticized for a even though it wasn't their fault, because with Robb and Brumm injured we didn't have enough outside pressure on the quarterback. But people were openly demanding that something be done about Burson and Fischer, and all the time we had an outstanding Negro cornerback ready to start: Bobby Williams, a hell of a player. And for the whole season they kept starting the two white guys. It wasn't enough that Bobby was good; he had to be fantastic."

Bobby Williams is a special bone of contention on the St. Louis Cardinals, and one may be excused for supposing that he, too, would have been in the Canadian League long ago were it not for his exceptional ability. "From the beginning Bobby brought problems," says Johnny Roland, "He likes to hit. Some of our ends would be coming out on their patterns in practice and *whack!* Bobby'd dump them. Some of the older ballplayers didn't like this, and they started calling him 'Cassius.' And he'd say, 'O K', go ahead calling me Cassius, but when you come out on this side expect to get hit."

"Sonny Randle didn't like it, for one," Williams says, "and I can understand it now. I just wanted to make the team, and I figured if I could knock some of the big names down I'd have a better chance. But the coach told me to light-



"One of the white guys came over and hollered, 'Get up, you son of a bitch, you're not hurt!'"

en up on 'em, and now I know he was right."

"But you had the feeling they were just laying for him, waiting to get back at him," Roland says. "Then during the regular season Bobby began to have problems with this complicated defense that Chuck Drulis had set up, and some days in practice he might mess up a coverage or something and Drulis and some of the white ballplayers would get to talking about him. They'd see him playing cards in the locker room and they'd say, 'you should be studying your play book, not playing cards.'"

Little by little the word was spread among the white team members that Bobby Williams was stupid. No one is more aware of the canard than Williams himself, who has his own explanations. "In the first place," he says, "Coach Drulis seems to have the idea that all Negroes are stupid. It was just a little more stupid than the others. That's the way he looks at it. And when I'd get out on the field, he'd say, 'Bobby, don't you know this and didn't you ever learn this in school?' Some people seem to have the idea that they can say anything they want to a Negro, that Negroes don't have feelings."

"Then it got so I couldn't do anything right for Coach Drulis. Later on he told me he was just getting on me to help me make the team, but somehow I felt he was on me just for the fun of it. He's always on the Negroes a little more

One day we were having a question-and-answer session and they showed a film, and I asked to say something and Drulis said, 'Shut up or you'll be kicked off the team.' But the white guys were talking all they wanted to."

According to Prentice Gault, such threats by Cardinal coaches had to be taken seriously. Gault had sat in on one of those same coaching sessions years before and listened as a Negro player talked back to a Cardinal coach. "If he were white he'd still be on the team," Gault said. "He was playing first-string defense, and the guy who took his position shouldn't have made the ball club. Maybe it got back to the quota, I don't know. Maybe it worked out better for the quota if they could get rid of the Negro and play a white player, which is what they did." Willie West, the player the Cardinals lost, now is a defensive star for the Miami Dolphins of the AFL.

Chuck Drulis is a craggy-faced, tough-talking defensive coach who, along with men like Tom Landry of the Dallas Cowboys and George Allen of the Los Angeles Rams, is regarded as one of the finest defensive minds in pro football. The Cardinal players who dislike him the most heartily are of one mind about his talents. "That's one reason it hurts so much when he treats you bad," says Bobby Williams, "because as a defensive football coach he's the greatest."

Drulis' voice remains on the edge of hoarseness all through the football sea-

son, a symptom of one of his stocks-in-trade: shouting at players à la Vince Lombardi. "Chuck is a rough, tough character," says Head Coach Winner. "He's a good old professional football player that's got a great football mind. He's a straight talker. He doesn't give you any window dressing. He talks right out. He might say to a player, 'You dumb bastard!' and he doesn't mean a thing by it. But I can see how a Negro player might misunderstand his gruffness."

It is also possible that Charley Winner might misunderstand Chuck Drulis, and Drulis misunderstand himself. Drulis says, "When this racial trouble came up I was hurt more inside than anything in the last 10 years. Deep down in my heart, I don't think I ever did nothing to them to my knowledge. If I did I didn't know about it. I told Coach Winner: 'I am not prejudiced, and I have never acted in a prejudiced way.'" But when Drulis continues to speak one may entertain minor suspicions. "I even used to say that one of our big problems last year was that we needed a good colored cornerman," he says. Why a good colored cornerman? "The colored ballplayers want to create a problem," he goes on to say. "They use race as an excuse. Your good guys don't cause these problems; it's your mediocre guys. Some of these mediocre players aren't as active in their thinking as some of the other ballplayers."

There are white Cardinals who entertain their own doubts about Drulis' freedom from prejudice, although they seem to feel that he is not much different from the typical old-line pro-football coach. Says one, "He has that thing against black linebackers and centers and guards, but who in the league doesn't? He doesn't think they're smart enough to play positions like that. I was told that as soon as I came on the ball club." (Says Drulis about Negro linebackers: "I don't have any. What am I supposed to do, make one?")

The black players talk about Drulis. "I've heard people say in his behalf that he hollers at everybody, black and white," says Willis Crenshaw. "But that doesn't explain why all the Negroes on the defensive team think he shows prejudice against them. They should know. They have no reason to lie about it."

Says Johnny Roland: "Drulis set the

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tense for the whole team. When we'd be watching films, one of the assistant-offensive coaches would say, 'Look at that big chugabuck lumbering down the field.' And it would always be a Negro he'd say that about, never a white man. This was an attitude that started with Coach Drulis. He seemed to have a manner of looking down on Negroes. But I doubt if he ever realized he was doing it."

After last year's Pittsburgh game, which resulted in a disappointing 14-14 tie, Drulis tore into Bobby Williams in front of the other players. "I did let them throw two passes over me," Williams says, "and Coach Drulis said it was my fault that we didn't win the game. But they didn't score on those two passes, and then they put in another cornerback, and they scored a touchdown on him, but it was still my fault. The other cornerbacks were getting beat all year, and he hardly said anything to them."

Says Drulis: "I might have put Bobby on the ropes a little bit after the Pittsburgh game, yes, but I do that with everybody else, too. But later I had another talk with him and I said, 'Look, Bobby, you think I had something in mind just because you're colored. Now you tell me: Who was the first substitute I put into the ball game the week after the Pittsburgh game, and the week after that?' He said, 'Me.' I said, 'Look, I didn't have to use you. If I had race prejudice in mind I had two whites I could have used. But I used you, because I thought that much of you.' I put it right to his face. He never was benched, and he did make a couple of bad plays in that game. So did a white player, Jimmy Burson. Burson let them get a touchdown on one pass, and I put him on the ropes, too. Bobby's job was to not let a receiver inside, like in the slant pattern, and not only did he let them get inside, but he missed the tackles in both instances and cost us 10 or 15 yards more each time. I bawled him out plenty. But it never entered my mind he was colored. The other coaches wanted to cut him, but I said no."

Drulis' explanation notwithstanding, the black Cardinals felt he had gone far overboard in criticizing Williams and blaming him for the tie that should have been a crucial victory. By singling out Williams in front of the others, Drulis,

they felt, had opened the gates to another flood of opprobrium and invective by the team's racists, and it was not long in coming.

"Bobby Williams?" said the player who leads the racist cell. "I'll tell you about him. They say that the average IQ of a nigger is 81. Well, you put five Bobby Williamses together and you wouldn't get 81! This guy made six straight mistakes against Pittsburgh and cost us a run at the championship. And this is one of the guys that hollers he's being discriminated against. One of the big instigators." Williams' acknowledged pair of errors had grown to "six straight," and his IQ had dwindled almost to zero.

No one is saying who the "big instigator" was, if indeed there was a single "big instigator," but after the Pittsburgh game the Negro Cardinals began to discuss practical ways to eliminate racism on the football team, and more and more the name of Chuck Drulis began to come up. There was a gentle irony in the fact that one of the cases against the coach from Pennsylvania involved Defensive Tackle Sam Silas, who once had been known as "Chuck's boy" on the Cardinal defensive team "if it wasn't for Chuck Drulis, Silas would have been out of the league the day he came here," says a bitter white player. Silas himself admits that "Drulis was in my corner from the beginning. He gave me the first-string tackle job early, and I got the job from a white man. I was his pet."

Like Bobby Williams, Sam Silas is a special case on the Cardinals. A 6'4" 250-pound rock on the defensive line, he has the reputation of being all but immovable when an offensive ballcarrier tries to run over him, and yet he is quick enough. No one seems to object to these qualities in Sam Silas. It is off the field that Silas gets under the skin of some of his white teammates. He is that disturbing character, the hard-working, successful Negro. If he lost his pro job tomorrow Sam Silas would continue breezing along economically. He owns a student dormitory in Carbondale, home of his alma mater, Southern Illinois University. He also owns a small apartment complex. He works for the University as a counselor and for Old Heritage Life Insurance Company as an investment consultant. He is a licensed

pilot and sometimes flies a plane to pre-season meetings with the Cardinal staff in St. Louis, 100 miles northwest of Carbondale. In his spare time he is working on his doctor's degree in physical education; he hopes to write his dissertation on the *Effects of Ingested Salt on Heart Performance*. On the slightest pretext, Sam Silas will talk you sily about the misapprehensions concerning salt and the system. He knows his subject, and he knows himself.

"I've done quite well outside of football," says Silas, who was brought up in a poor family in Bartow, Fla., "and this doesn't go over so well on the team, because it reflects a nigger who is getting above his station."

A charter member of the Cardinals' "hated" club agrees. "Because he's working on a doctorate," this player says about Silas, "he thinks of himself as one of the aristocratic smart niggers. I think in his doctorate work he's trying to find his way out of the first turn in the rat maze. That's about how smart he is. Tightening barbells for a Ph. D."

Inevitably it has become Sam Silas' lot to be known in certain circles on the St. Louis Cardinals' football team as "dumb," "thickheaded" and "a stupid nigger." He knows his reputation, and he addresses himself to the subject calmly, methodically and thoroughly.

"It is true that certain people have tried to make me feel stupid," he says. "Maybe they don't interpret me correctly. If a person is not explicit with me, then I question him. The only way you'll learn to do your job is to know exactly what's expected. And then I also like to think things through if the entire puzzle doesn't piece itself together, and I will ask questions. Maybe some people think that I ask too many questions. Or maybe another reason they say I'm stupid is because I've been excelling academically."

Sam Silas excelled on the football field as well. In 1966 he was named to the Pro Bowl team, and his big troubles began. Silas refuses to discuss the matter, holding that it is nobody's business but his and the team's. But a black teammate tells the story:

"Before he went off to the Pro Bowl, Sam must have told 6,000 people that he owed everything to Chuck Drulis, and he wasn't far wrong, either. Never mind his color. Sam was Drulis' boy,



"Bobby said to me 'Come on, Kit, let's dance,' and I certainly wasn't about to embarrass him."

and everybody knew it. Now he goes to the Pro Bowl and his roommate turns out to be Roosevelt Brown, a very popular person. Everybody knows Rosey, and those who don't know him now to know him, and his friends come in all colors. And there are times, too, when the girls flock around Rosey, not to do anything that is unbecoming, but just because they admire him. Also, Rosey doesn't have any prejudice against drinking—Sam does, but nobody could change Rosey overnight. Well, the two of them hit it off real well together, and they hung around together, and the stories started flying about Drulis' boy. Somebody said he and Rosey had been out chasing white girls. The factual ba-

sis for this was that Rosey talked to this one white girl a couple of times and the other guys saw her around his place, and another time some white girl fell all over Sam and Rosey when they were walking back to their room. That was the sum total of the chasing.

"Well, when Sam got back to the next training camp everything seemed to be different. He certainly wasn't Drulis' boy anymore. He'd ask a question and they'd say, 'You never asked questions like that before.' If he'd make a mistake on the field, somebody'd say, 'You never played like that before.' And one time I heard Drulis say to him, 'I never expected to hear a question like that from a candidate for a Ph.D.' That's the way it

was going. Sam was being hazed, like a rookie.

"But he was still the first-string tackle. Then one day Drulis called him in and asked him if it was true he had been chasing white girls with Rosey Brown. Sam told him what actually happened, but he left that little talk with the distinct impression that he'd never go back to the Pro Bowl. It took him almost a whole year to win back his job as starting tackle. He had a slight injury, and long after it was healed they were using that injury as an excuse to make him a message carrier, running in plays. He complained that it was tiring, that he couldn't do his best under those conditions, but they let him go right on doing it for almost the whole season. That's why you'll sometimes hear Sam say that the worst thing that ever happened to him was making the 1966 Pro Bowl squad."

Not that the situation is bright and beautiful for Sam Silas now that he has regained his post as first-string tackle. Certain players and coaches still call him "dumb." His mistakes, no matter how few, are always the subject of long exegeses, and last year in the game at Cleveland his old sponsor, Chuck Drulis, called him a name that is usually restricted to Army posts and the hemp mills of certain maximum-security prisons. According to ear-witnesses, the coach shouted the multisyllabic word right in front of one of the highest-ranking members of the Cardinal hierarchy. Sam Silas, B.S., M.S., held his temper. "My, my," he said to a friend later, "it certainly is getting permissive around here."

Late last season, when the Cardinals were floundering around and doing nothing right, one of the team's black leaders summoned the other black players to a secret meeting in Roy Shivers' apartments on Lindell Boulevard. "Later they tried to say it was just the taxi-squad Negroes that called the meeting," says Shivers, "but it was called by a regular and everybody was there. We all felt exactly the same: that it was a shame a ball club with this kind of personnel should be having a hell of a time winning."

Says Prentice Gault, "It has been said that we were mad, we were bitter. We

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were not. But we didn't like losing, and we Negroes sat down and said, 'Why are we losing? Let's get together and talk about it.' We could have lived with our grievances, but we wanted to get them out in the open, because we thought it would help make us a better unit if some of these things were corrected."

There were impassioned speeches at the 3½-hour meeting. Veteran Ernie McMillan said, "We should have a common goal—winning. But if we don't respect each other, hell, forget it. It's a two-way street. Everybody's got to bend a little. But we can't do all the bending. We're willing to bend, but how far do we have to bend? They want me to be a man out on that football field, but a weaking off it. You can't live two lives. You got to be a man all the time."

Fred Heron said he was only 23 years old, but he understood that many of the Cardinal players were from the South. "They've been raised in the doctrine that a Negro is less than a man because of the color of his skin," he said. "So I'll try to understand that. And I'll just try to say, 'Look, we're on the same team, and you don't have to like me, you don't have to dig me, I'm not trying to marry your daughter, I don't want to go to bed with your wife. All I want to do is get into the playoffs!'"

Every Negro at the meeting spoke, and there was unanimity. A list of grievances was drawn up for Coach Winner. According to the men who wrote the statement, it specifically charged Drulis with setting a tone of discrimination on the team, and it specifically exempted Winner from blame because he was only in his second year as head coach. On the Tuesday before the last game of the season the list of grievances was presented to Winner.

Nothing so juicy could be kept out of the papers, and not many weeks passed before the story made its public appearance. It was baited about in the two major St. Louis papers for three or four days and then phased out, apparently by popular request of almost all concerned. The first reaction of the Cardinal front office to the publicity was that the whole affair had been overplayed. It had, in fact, been severely underplayed, but the combination of front-office propaganda and a cooperative local press gradually created the impression that there had been nothing more

than a colossal misunderstanding. "This thing is straightened out," said Coach Winner at a time when hardly a single step had been taken to do anything except hush matters up. "We do not have a problem here. And we haven't had any more problems here, in the past, than the majority of the other ball clubs in the NFL. The only difference is that ours got into the newspapers, and we're the ones that got the black eye all over the country." White players were quoted similarly.

Co-Owner Bill Bidwell and his brother, Stormy, issued statements aimed at showing that the whole matter had been distorted and twisted, which led the thoughtful Homer Floyd, civil rights worker and one of the better running backs in Big Eight history, to issue a blast. "The reaction of the Cardinals' management was instinctive and tragically wrong. The reaction was to defend and justify what had been going on and to attempt to suppress the protests by the Negroes. The result was to confirm the Negro in his belief that racism is institutionalized in the United States. The Cardinal management should have moved quickly to try to correct whatever was bothering the Negro players. Whether the feelings of the Negroes were completely justified was not the main point. The main point was that the Negroes *did* feel that way, and what

people feel becomes reality for them. Instead of acting, the Cardinal front office belittled the protests, white players sprang up to the defense of the management and you wound up with two camps on the team. In such a situation it is impossible to maintain an atmosphere of mutual trust between blacks and whites."

When Bill Bidwell was asked if Chuck Drulis was a prejudiced man, he answered with a straight face, "It was all a misunderstanding about Drulis. We talked to him about it and actually found out that just the opposite was true. In three cases there are Negro players on this team today only because this one coach stood up in meetings and fought for them. They were ready to be cut, and he thought they had a future and fought for them." Another front-office spokesman declared that it was impossible that Drulis could have been prejudiced. "Why, once he went right into a St. Louis tenement to recruit one of our Negro players."

"After a few days of this kind of balderdash," says a white member of the Cardinals, "everybody seemed satisfied, including the newspapers. It was a matter of community pride: the main thing was that the team should win games, not that the Negroes' complaints should get a real hearing. And, of course, it was accepted that Drulis and the other



Searching for ways to "raise things a little," the coach suggested his staff wear medallions

coaches had no prejudices at all. Didn't they go to tenements to recruit? Didn't they fight to keep their favorite Negroes on the squad? These are standard defenses against charges of racism, and they don't mean a thing. Winning always comes first, prejudice is second, a strong second, but second. The test isn't whether the coach fights to keep a Negro on the squad, but whether he treats a Negro like a man, like an individual, after he fights for him. What's so special about fighting to keep a potential star on the team? Is it a sign of fairness to extend to Negroes a right that is automatically extended to whites?"

However, if there was a single member of the dramatics personnel who emerged from the Cardinals' palace revolution larger than life it was Chuck Drulis. One by one, he went to the Negro players on the team and apologized. "I'll say this about Coach Drulis," Sam Silas said later. "When he read our grievance letter he made me very proud to know him. At first I thought he was looking for blood, but he wasn't. He was very pleasant, humble, concerned. I respect the man for that."

Said Bobby Williams: "Coach Drulis told me he didn't have any idea he was doing anything like what we said, and if he did he was sorry. He said he didn't know he had been coaching that way. He said if he thought he was really doing that he'd quit coaching."

Said Willis Crenshaw: "He may not have even known what he was doing. After all, he didn't go around calling people 'nigger' or 'black boy.' He may just have thought he was treating the Negroes in the usual way. He may have been treating Negroes like this for so long that it became a habit with him. But now that we've let him know about it we think he'll change. He's changed already."

Drulis himself looked like a man leaving the scene of an accident in a daze. Over and over he would tell anyone who would listen that the farthest thing from his mind had been to treat Negroes and whites differently. He acted genuinely puzzled, genuinely contrite, and only traces of his old fire seemed to remain.

"I'm not sure what to do now, but whatever it takes, I'll do it," he said. "All I want to do is the right thing. Coach Winner told me not to change my style of coaching, and I can't, anyway. But it

does give you problems. You have to think twice about hollering at people. Certain coaches can get away with it. Once you have a winner, like Lombardi at Green Bay, you can call your players anything you want. But our trouble started when we tied a game and lost a game that we shouldn't. If we had won another game or two and been in the playoffs, there wouldn't have been a word said. Lombardi calls his players lots of things, but they win. Let them lose a few games and see what happens."

As for Charley Winner, his first reaction had been to help sweep the dirt under the rug, but soon he began seeking genuine solutions to the black grievances. The quiet little coach from New Jersey began astonishing the team personnel with blunt talk about the rights of human beings, black and white. "Go right ahead and call each other names," he told players of both colors, "but don't let them be racial names or you'll be playing somewhere else." He honed and polished the words he would use in his opening remarks to the team at training camp. "A football team is made of individuals who have a great deal of pride in doing their specific jobs," he wrote. "We have all kinds of nationalities, religions, politics and colors. Our common objective is to win, and the only way is to work together, fight together and play together. There's no room for any outside problems on this football team. Our opponents present enough problems without us creating any problems. . . . If someone makes a mistake, it's my job to let him know about it, not you as a player. You'll make mistakes, too. No individual is perfect."

Privately Winner said he would not tolerate any further racial abuse. "If I hear about it I'll call the player in and talk it over. If he persists after that I'll get rid of him. Exactly the same is true of coaches." As a joke Winner suggested a staff member go out and buy eight "black power" medallions, one for each of the coaching staff to wear on the first day of training camp "to try to relax things a little." Perhaps of more moment, a committee of six players is to be established to serve as a buffer and an appeal group on discipline matters between the coaches and the players. And there has been a shake-up of Cardinal personnel. Retirements and trades have resulted in five white

starters leaving the defensive team.

The Negroes have admired Winner's effort, but they are withholding judgment. "If a couple of key characters are straightened out the whole thing'll be straightened out," says Johnny Roland. "We'll know better later."

"A lot of people are prejudiced," says Willis Crenshaw. "on and off this ball club. We don't expect them to change how they feel. They're too old to change. But we want them to curtail it when it hurts the ball club. Look at President Johnson. I think he's prejudiced, but he's learned to curtail it. That's all we ask."

Says Bobby Williams: "It's not that we want them to love us, but they can smooth things out a lot. It's not up to the Negroes, it's up to the whites. We're doing the best we can. We ask them not to treat us like little Greek gods, but just like people, flesh and blood people like them."

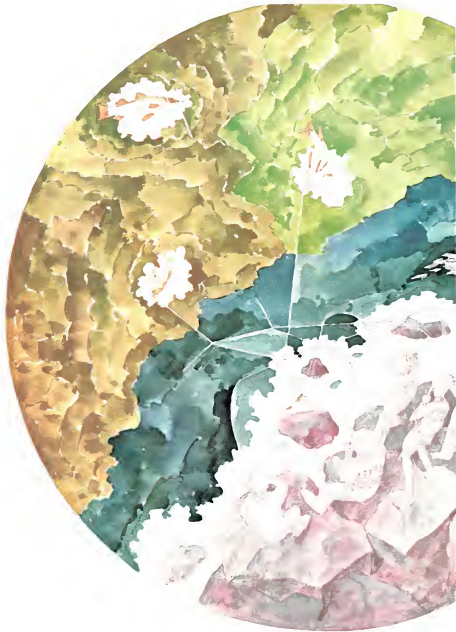
"We'll wait and see," says the respected Ernie McMillan, who serves on the park board in his own St. Louis suburb. "But it's important that everybody understands the issues. It isn't only that the St. Louis Cardinals lost a few ball games because of race prejudice. That's not the big loss. The big loss is this: we Negro players are automatic heroes in the Negro community, if only because we've got a certain amount of fame. People look up to us, turn to us for advice. We could be going back to the Negro community and telling them not to burn, not to riot, not to cause trouble. But what kind of hypocrites would we be to go back and tell the Negroes that a better day is coming, when that day isn't even in sight yet on the playing field?"

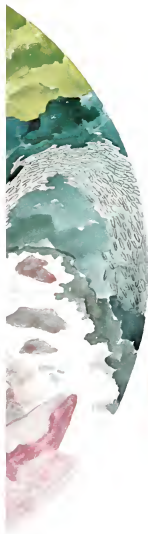
Prentice Gautt, the wise elder statesman who has crossed into the white world of collegiate coaching, agrees with his old teammates. "It's a sad thing to face, but racial prejudice is almost a tradition in sports," Gautt says. "Some people just have to be able to look down on other people, and they give the Negro the feeling that no matter what he does he will never be an equal. The long-range problems will take a long time to solve. But if they can't be solved in sports, where can they be solved? Sports has been following when it's supposed to lead. The change should start today. Not tomorrow. Today." **End**

The crazy days begin sometime in early September, when great schools of mullet, on their annual spawning run down Florida's southeast coast, pour into the Palm Beach inlet. There, along the jetty, schools of voracious snook tear into the mullet, thus providing anglers—most notably members of a motley group who call themselves the Jetty Conchs—with the wildest fishing imaginable. When a school of mullet is “gettin’ hit,” the Jetty Conchs race to the scene (right), cast mullet baits into the maelstrom and then try to horse big snook out of the jumble of rocks, without getting entangled in each others’ lines or slipping off the slick crown of the jetty. Artist Tom Allen, a fanatical Jetty Conch himself, is responsible for these impressions of the mad, mad scene.









When the snook are off the jetty, the confusion that ensues is an angler's nightmare. Three Jetty Canch regulars are The Mighty Paty, with mullet in his pockets, Inlet Anne, manager of Palm Beach Inlet Dock, and Clean Eugene, with his day's catch





A Palm Beach Coming-out Party

No matter what it may look like on paper, the word snook does not rhyme with hook in Florida. The correct pronunciation is snake, rhyming with duke; and a duke the snook is. Its very appearance—the long, slender body with only a trace of a paunch, a protruding lower jaw and deeply forked tail—is that of a powerful fighter. When it is in the mood the snook will strike savagely at plugs, jigs, spoons, flies, cut bait, live bait and just about anything else it can get its big mouth around. When it is not in the mood, forget it.

But when the mullet leave the protected inshore waters to spawn in the inlets and along the beaches on Florida's southeast coast, the snook crosses everything else off its menu. Driving up from the bottom, snook slash through the schools of mullet, often exploding out of the water and churning up a froth.

The anglers on the jetty at Palm Beach react accordingly. Mullet baits whiz through the air and are quickly engulfed by thrashing snook. The fishermen, straining mightily to keep their snook out of the rocks, stumble back and forth along the jetty, passing their rods over or under those of their companions.

Of the hundreds of fishermen who get in on the act every September none have as much fun, or nearly as much success, as an elite bunch of fanatics who call themselves the Jetty Conchs. "Actually, our origin is not traceable to any one historical event," says Jim Branch, a Palm Beach real-estate appraiser who is one of the original Jetty Conchs. "We've been fishing the jetty during the mullet run for a long time. The same characters kept coming back year after year, and finally about 1952 we decided that we were just a whole lot better fishermen than the rest, and crazier, too. So we got together and started wearing these distinctive yellow softball-league T-shirts with the words *jetty conchs* emblazoned on the back. I like to think that they symbolize our dedication to one ideal. Nothing can keep us off the

jetty during the mullet run—not work, not wives, not wind nor waves."

Fatuous as this may sound, it is also quite accurate. Jim Branch really did cut short his honeymoon so he could get back to Palm Beach in time to fish the mullet run. Then there was that Sunday afternoon in September a few years ago when he was on his way to Miami with his wife to attend a savings-and-loan convention. "The run was supposed to be over," Branch recalls, "but I eased over to the inlet anyway for a last look and, by God, the snook were busting all over the place. Well, I raced home, grabbed my rod, canceled the Miami trip and went fishing. I believe three of us Jetty Conchs caught and released about 40 good snook that afternoon."

Although he does not take credit for conceiving the group's gaudy T-shirts, Jim Branch does admit to having named several of the leading Jetty Conch characters (he was at least partly inspired by Al Capp's *L'il Abner* comic strip). The first to be labeled was Fred (Frayed Fred) Mewborne, a traveling carpet-and-tile man who came by his name because, as Branch says, he was "a frayed guy who always wore a fatigue hat decorated with the gang hooks that we used in the old days to snag mullet." Because Frayed Fred was "scrummy and ornery and one of the best jetty fishermen," he automatically became the first King Konk, president without portfolio or duties, of the club. Branch became Jimmy Endrock after he was washed off the end of the jetty one rough day. Joe Kern, Branch's business partner, is known as Completely Equipped, because his boat, full of extra tackle and bait, is always moored near the jetty during the mullet run.

Then there is B. F. (The Mighty Pat) Paty Jr., a Palm Beach lawyer, Eugene (Clean Eugene) Howell, a house painter ("It's not that Clean is so clean, it's just that his brothers are so dirty"); Joel (No Snag 'Em) Daves and Billy R. (Bilby Backlash) Jackson, both lawyers

There are also several out-of-town members who show up at the jetty every year. Last September, Artist Tom (New York Tommy) Allen flew down from New York, Justin (Chicago Wage) Wager, a commercial artist, came in from the Windy City, and Roger (Roger the Codger) Bealem jetted across the Atlantic from Paris.

To do battle with the snook, the Jetty Conchs use very specialized tackle. The rod is a stiff, seven-foot fiber-glass job available only from George DeBry's Tackle Shop in West Palm Beach. The reel is the old Shakespeare Service model that does not free-spool. The line is either *hnen* or *monofilament*, testing out at anywhere from 36 to 50 pounds. The terminal tackle consists of a six-foot wire leader attached to an 8/0 hook that is weighted with a quarter-ounce snooker.

The accepted method of getting a mullet bait is to snag it, and trying to make a 30- or 40-foot cast with only a quarter-ounce weight on the end of such heavy tackle is roughly equivalent to throwing a Ping-Pong ball into a high wind. Once a mullet is snagged it is rehooked through the lower jaw and out the top of the head and then cast out again.

When the Jetty Conchs are not on location they get up-to-the minute progress reports from Anne (Inlet Anne) Eggleston, the perennial Queen Conch, who runs the Palm Beach Inlet Dock, just a long cast from the jetty. "The mullet pass right by my door on their way out the inlet," says Anne, "and these nuts, these grown-up kooks, expect me to telephone them the minute it happens. The only reason I do is so we can get enough snook in the freezer for our annual conk-out."

The conk-out—a fish fry that quickly deteriorates into a beer bust—signifies the end of the mullet run. The snook go back to being ordinary snook and the Jetty Conchs become human again, go back to work, finish honeymoons and things like that.

DUNCAN BARNES

Mighty Mouth, who is known in the box scores as Denny McLain (see cover), expresses his attitude toward life quite bluntly. "When you can do it out there between the white lines," he says, "then you can live any way you want Me! I like to travel fast—and always first class. Why, there's no other way to go, is there?" McLain has won 18 games already, and it looks as though he will pitch the Detroit Tigers to the American League pennant. He may even become the first pitcher in 34 years to win 30 games. He is, as he says, "doing it between the white lines." Outside the white lines, Denny travels with his own anti-diamond-in-the-rough version of the jet set.

During the All-Star break a few weeks ago, Denny borrowed a friend's Lear jet, complete with pilots and stereo and liquor drawer, and flew to Las Vegas with his wife Sharyn. After checking their luggage with a hellman, he dragged Sharyn to the craps table. "She turned out to be a lousy roller but real good with the one-arms," he says. Denny himself rolled all Sunday night and most of Monday morning. "I had \$500 when I started and four-something when I quit," he explains, "so I didn't do too bad."

Early Monday afternoon the McLains rebounded the Lear and popped over to Disneyland, where they played tourist for several hours. Then, after dinner, they abandoned Mickey Mouse for Houston and Tuesday night's All-Star Game. Denny pitched the fifth and sixth innings, shutting out the National League hitters, and before the game was even over he was back in the Lear en route again to—you guessed it—Vegas.

"I shot craps until I got tired," he says, "and then I switched to blackjack. That's easier on the mind. Hell, I hadn't slept more than four-five hours in almost three days. It kind of gets to you after a while."

The McLains finally flew home to Detroit Wednesday evening. Denny stayed about 10 minutes, just long enough to pack another suitcase, and then he was back in the Lear and flying to Minneapolis-St. Paul, where the Tigers were playing the Twins Thursday night. "Something went wrong with the door, and we had to fly pretty low all the way up there," he says. "We even had to crawl out a window hatch when we landed. It was all pretty scary, now that I think about it."

DIZZY DREAM FOR JET-SET DENNY

Garrulous Denny McLain has become a pitcher worth his own thousands of words as he seeks 30 wins and a pennant by MARK MULVOY

In Minneapolis, McLain and his roommate, Shortstop Ray Oyler, were quartered in something called the Hacienda Suite of the Radisson Hotel. The average room for two baseball players has two small beds, a fuzzy television set, a telephone, a Bible and dirty socks hanging on chairs. The Hacienda Suite is not an average baseball player's room. It includes a large bedroom and an even larger living room, two color-TV sets, real shuttered windows, telephones everywhere and maybe even two Bibles. "Yes, operator," McLain would begin about every 20 minutes, "I'd like to place a credit-card call to."

A few days later the Tigers had moved on to Anaheim, across the freeway from Disneyland, but not much else had changed. The room-service waiter knocked on the door of No. 906 every half hour. The refreshments arrived first.

"Thank you, Mr. McLain," the waiter said. The appetizers, shrimp or crabmeat, came next. "Thank you, Mr. McLain," the man said again. And a bit later the entrees—filet mignon, medium rare—were wheeled in. "Thank you, Mr. McLain," the waiter said once more.

That, unhappily for the waiter, was all. There was no dessert. Denny McLain does not need the weight, thank you. He is listed at 5' 11" and 185 pounds, but he seems shorter and heavier. His Chicago tough-kid face is shaded by the blue Tiger hat that perches on his head, looking at least a size too small. He wears contact lenses, and he is at present in the middle of a mouth-lift—half his teeth are capped, and the other half soon will be. You would never mistake Dennis McLain for a professional organist, which he is.

The next day, in fact, was a business day for Denny in Anaheim. First some executives from a record company dropped by to discuss a contract with McLain the Organist. Then some book-

ing agents from Las Vegas called to inquire about possible dates for a winter appearance by the Denny McLain Trio.

"Ah," said Denny, reflecting on the good life, "Just imagine what will happen if I win 30."

It is not at all inconceivable that McLain, still only 24 years old, just might win 30 games in this year of the macro-mun batting average. After all, he is no fluke. He won 16 games in 1965, his first complete season in the majors, and then won 20 games in 1966 and 17 more last year. And now, in order to become the first 30-game winner since Dizzy Dean finished with a 30-7 record in 1934, McLain must win only about 60% of the rest of his starts. As a matter of record, he won 86% of his first 21 decisions—18 victories and three defeats.

Nevertheless, until this season McLain was better known for his performances outside the white lines than between them. He had quickly gained a reputation as Super Flake—a hot-tempered, eccentric kid with a million-dollar arm, million-dollar tastes, million-dollar dreams and a ten-cent attitude. "I'd always look at him and start to wonder—just wonder, that's all," says Bill Ragny, the manager of the California Angels.

There were, for instance, the Pepsi-Colas. Denny used to drink 100 Pepsis each week—slurp, slurp, slurp, 5,000 times a year. He even had a cooler installed in the back seat of his automobile so he could quench his thirst while driving. "I'm down to about 60 or 70 bottles a week," he says, "but now I cheat a bit and get the king-sized 16-ounce bottles instead of the small 12-ounce bottles. And I don't drink any of that diet stuff, either."

There was also his moonlighting on the organ console. When word passed through opposing dugouts that Denny was a professional organist, it was point-



edly suggested that he must play Looney Tunes all the time. Still, McLain makes more money playing the organ than some of his colleagues earn playing baseball. Denny gives lessons, conducts recitals in music-store windows and plays night clubs with his trio.

Once the trio was appearing in Minneapolis when McLain suddenly remembered he had a recital scheduled in Detroit. After a hurried flight he arrived at the site of the recital only to discover there was no audience. He asked the manager of the music store. "Isn't Denny McLain supposed to be playing the organ here?" The manager answered, "Yes, next Saturday." No problem at all. "I just walked out," Denny said, "and went back to the airport, got on another plane and flew back to Minneapolis. It was all very simple."

Then there was the controversy last winter over the true color of McLain's hair. For three and a half years in Detroit, McLain always had dirty blond hair cut in a short Ivy League style. During the past winter, however, he let his hair grow and it assumed a deep reddish color. At a banquet Bill Freehan, the Tigers' catcher, refused to introduce McLain, saying, "I don't know who this guy is. The only Dennis McLain I know has short blond hair." When Denny reported to spring training, the rest of the Tigers got in the act.

"Do you use a rinse?" asked Pitcher Joe Sparna.

"Only his hairdresser knows," said Second Baseman Dick McAuliffe.

All this commotion infuriated McLain. "Damn it, I did not dye my hair. It's mother nature. I was born with red hair but it turns blond in the sunlight." Whatever the reason, Denny's hair now is dirty blond again and even shorter than before.

Flakes—even Super Flakes like McLain—rarely get themselves into trouble. They keep a baseball team loose, providing the daily comic relief players need to endure one another for seven months of the year. On the other hand, Mouths—particularly Mighty Mouths like McLain—always seem to find themselves with their spikes between their capped teeth.

"I always say what I want—what I think—without any reservations," Denny says. "And I guess you could say it's got me into plenty of trouble. But I've been misquoted only once. I've said everything else. From now on I'm just

continued

going to try to say it a bit more diplomatically."

The alleged misquoting incident occurred in the middle of the 1966 season. Charlie Dressen and Bob Swift, the two men who had managed the Tigers during the first half of the year, both were sick and dying, and Frank Skaff, another coach, was running the team. Stubby Overmire, who had been Dressen's errand boy, was handling the pitchers. Overmire and McLain never did get along.

One night in July Denny reportedly called the Tigers a "country-club team where everybody does what they want." This remark was printed the next day in the *Detroit News*. When Jim Campbell, the Tigers' general manager, read the quote attributed to McLain he immediately fined Denny and ordered him to say he was misquoted.

"May God strike me dead if I said those things," Denny suggested. At which point Joe Sparma, who was McLain's roommate at the time, asked Charlie Creedon, the Tigers' traveling secretary, to change his room assignment. "God might make a mistake and get the wrong guy," Sparma said. Another Tiger said, "I can see it now. Denny's on the mound, taking his windup, and all of a sudden the skies turn dark and there's this huge bolt of thunder and..."

McLain was not amused. "The one thing I never said was all that about the country club, but I don't think anybody believes me," he says. "It was the worst time of my life. I got chewed out in the clubhouse in front of the rest of the team for 20 minutes. Frank Skaff never let me say a word."

Another time, when Denny did get a

chance to speak, he was presenting awards at a banquet in Detroit and was scheduled to introduce John Gordy, the Lions' All-League offensive guard who recently led the NFL players in their hassle with management. Denny said, "And now for John—John Gordy—whatever he is." Gordy was furious. "Tell that punk kid," he said, "that I'll show him who John Gordy is." Wisely, Denny no longer jokes with football players, particularly 250-pound All-League guards.

This year, because of the newspaper strike in Detroit that has lasted since November, Mighty Mouth's speeches have been necessarily confined to out-of-town dispatches, an inconvenience that does not seem to have inhibited him. Hardly had the season begun before he remarked to a visiting writer, "The Detroit fans are the worst I've ever seen anywhere."

Denny later amended that, saying, "Some of the Detroit fans are the worst I've ever seen." The "some" came too late, however, and McLain had said the wrong thing again. One fan reportedly was so incensed that he placed a smoke bomb, which fortunately proved to be a dud, in Denny's automobile.

"I can't condemn all of our two million fans," McLain said the other day, "but we've got a lot of bad fans in the ball park. The other team takes its life into its hands if they've got us beat in the late innings. The fans throw bottles and firecrackers, and one night when Boston was in here they hit Ken Harrelson in the back with a firecracker. They could have blinded him."

After hearing McLain criticize the Detroit fans, Jim Campbell simply decided he would never listen to him again. "From now on," he said, "what Denny says goes in one ear and out the other." Mighty Mouth himself laughed at this. "We have a mutual irritation society, anyway, Campbell and me," Denny said. "It looks like he did not thank me too much before he said that. Yes, we've talked several times the last month or so. He wants me to be a diplomat. Hey, who knows? I might even make it to the U.N. Are you kidding?"

There have been other problems, too. Denny had a pile of unpaid bills, and he also overextended himself with the banks. "I just wasn't mature enough to handle it. I always had this great urge to go spend money—on anything. I'd get an itch, and the money would be gone. Now I think I've boiled out about



THE DAUGHTER OF LOU BOUQUEREAU, SHARYN McLAIN BEAT VEGAS' ONE ARM BANDITS

90', I've put my money—all of it—with a man who handles money for a living. Hell, I don't know how to handle it. He gives me an allowance, pays the bills and invests some of it. I've lost about a thousand money battles, but now I think I'm going to win the war. You know," Denny McLain said, "I'd have made one helluva millionaire. Hell, I'd still make a wonderful millionaire."

For now, McLain would be satisfied with a \$100,000 salary—about a 20% raise—if he does win 30 games. "But I doubt I can get \$100,000 from Detroit," he says. "They don't even pay Al Kaline \$100,000—and he should have been getting that much for the last five years."

"I don't understand baseball. Except for guys like Koufax and Marichal, they pay you on the way out. Look at Mantle. He didn't start to make \$100,000 until he was damn near an invalid. I want to make it when I'm 25—not in a wheelchair."

This year, though, Denny has performed like a \$100,000 pitcher. In fact, he is the reason Detroit is way out in first place. Consider these facts:

- McLain is 15 games over .500; the won-lost record of the rest of Detroit's regular starters is one game below .500.
- McLain has won nine games after the Tigers had lost their previous game.
- McLain pitched complete games in 16 of his first 24 starts, averaging eight innings per start.
- McLain has been relieved only once during the middle of an inning all year.

Johnny Sain, the Tigers' pitching coach, attributes McLain's development this season to maturity and experience. "Denny has always known what he can do with the baseball," Sain says. "Now he has learned the technique of doing it correctly. He knows when to throw a rising fastball instead of a sinking fastball, when to throw a change-up instead of a curve. He knows a lot more about what he is doing than the 30,000 people in the ball park think he does."

Denny agrees with Sain, but he also thinks there are several other factors that have helped him become the best pitcher in the American League. One is a mean sidearm fastball that he uses to scare right-hand hitters. He threw the sidearm pitch in 1965 until he injured a shoulder muscle late in the season. Now he is at last able to throw it again—and the hitters are not hitting it. "You can't hit the ball when you're



THE SECOND HALF OF A McLAIN TWIN BILL IS A FEW HIGH, HARD ONES FOR THE PRESS

running for the dugout," Rigney says.

McLain's slider used to be a home-run pitch. He gave up 42 home runs in 1966 and 35 last year, the majority off sliders. "It got so bad that I forgot about the slider completely," he said. This spring, with Sain's encouragement, Denny started to throw the pitch again. "It became my miracle ball," he said. "I'd throw it and they would hit into a double play or strike out. It never failed." McLain now throws the slider quite effectively, although eight of the 18 home runs he has given up have come off the pitch.

"You pitch as many innings as I do, and in a hitter's park like we have in Detroit, and you've got to expect to give up a lot of downtown jobs. When I pitch, I always tell my infielders not to worry, that no one is going to hit any hard ground balls to them," says McLain, who does not stop talking just because he is also pitching. "With me, they always hit the ball in the air. Of course, sometimes they hit it too far."

Roommate Oyler almost caused a disaster for McLain early in the season, when the Tigers were in Boston. After proving that shatterproof glasses really are not shatterproof—for instance, when they are hurled against stone walls in a clubhouse—McLain switched to contact lenses. "I really need some kind of spec-

tacles," he said, "because I can't see across a kitchen table."

McLain bought three sets of contacts, but somehow managed to lose two of them before the season started, and when the Tigers went to Boston he was on his last pair. He left them in a glass of water when he went to sleep. "Well, I got up in the morning and went to get a glass of water," Oyler says. "I emptied out the glass, refilled it, took a drink and then went back to bed without really thinking about it. Denny got up an hour or so later and started to yell, 'Where are my contacts?' Very interesting. We had to get the hotel plumber to come upstairs and take the sink apart. We found them—and I still don't know how he can see out of them. They were awfully muddy."

But now the Tigers are clawing their way to the pennant, and Denny McLain can see it all. The rest of the league is seeing him differently, too. "The kid never seemed to care before," Bill Rigney says. "Everyone felt this way about him—all the pitches you ever need but a bad attitude. Now it looks as though he wants to be a good pitcher. Maybe he wants to be the best."

"They all think I never gave a damn," Denny McLain says. "Now there's only one way I can alter what has happened the last three years. I've got to do it between the white lines."

END

Suckered by a rabbit punch

That's Dr. Fager, whose suicidal tendency to follow the hot pace of a decoy has now contributed to two defeats by his cooler rival, Damascus

The fourth race in what is turning out to be one of the classic Thoroughbred ninales was only minutes away, and in the Aqueduct paddock the trainers were talking fast and low, giving their jockeys final instructions. Near the center of the area, Johnny Nerud, trainer of Dr. Fager, looked into the impassive face of Braulio Baeza and said something like, "For Pete's sake, Braulio, don't let the big blockhead blow it all by chasing that rabbit again."

Over at one end of the same plot of land, Frank Y. Whiteley Jr. outlined to Manny Yaca the strategy that even the peanut vendors knew he would use: hold Damascus off the pace, hope that Dr. Fager would be suckered by the fast pace of Hedevar, the other part of his entry and the most seductive hare in training, then let Damascus sock it to 'em down the stretch.

Because Whiteley's instructions could be followed and Nerud's could not, last Saturday's \$109,400 Brooklyn Handicap

will be remembered as the race in which Damascus became a millionaire, and Dr. Fager's passion to run once more proved his undoing. When it was over the fires were rekindled in the hottest racing controversy this side of Dancer's Image vs. the Kentucky Derby.

The controversy centers on Hedevar. "I'll tell you this," said Nerud after the race, "no one horse can beat Dr. Fager doing anything—anything."

To which the taciturn Whiteley replied, in what for him was a filibuster, "I don't like to knock anyone's horse."

Nevertheless the record shows that Damascus has beaten Dr. Fager twice with the aid of his kamikaze stablemate, running without Hedevar. Damascus has twice been defeated by his great rival. With Hedevar doing his thing, Damascus put down Buckpasser by 10 lengths and Dr. Fager by 10½ in last year's Woodward Stakes. Minus Hedevar, Damascus had lost three of his last four races. His second loss to Dr. Fager was a third-

place finish, five lengths behind the winner in the Suburban Handicap at Aqueduct on July 4.

The Suburban was so sweet a victory for Johnny Nerud that he could not resist the temptation to jibe at the enemy camp in the week before the Brooklyn. "Any horse that can run the fastest Suburban ever with 132 pounds must be a great horse," Nerud reasoned, not unreasonably. "He's the best horse because he doesn't have to have anyone help him run his race."

While Nerud was being vociferous in New York, Whiteley was keeping quiet down at Delaware Park. A plain man who isn't much for cities and crowds, Whiteley draws a curtain around himself and his horses before a race, waiting until the last minute to enter. Impishly, Nerud even had fun with that. Although he was fairly certain as early as Monday that Dr. Fager would run in the Brooklyn, even though his horse was asked to carry 135 pounds to Damascus' 130, Nerud kept saying, "I haven't made up my mind yet." He waited until the day before the race to end the uncertainty.

"Before," Nerud said, "I told 'em three weeks ahead of time when we were going to run. Now I let 'em sweat. I'll pick my ground and let 'em come to me."

Which Damascus and Hedevar eventually did, albeit by Whiteley's clandestine methods. To beat the week's clammy heat, Whiteley did not ship his horses from Delaware until Friday evening, less than 24 hours before post time. Da-



AWAY GOES THE RABBIT, HEDEVAR (RIGHT), AND IN HOT PURSUIT EARLY ON IN THE BROOKLYN HANDICAP IS DR. FAGER (NO. 3)

mascus and Hedevar arrived at Aqueduct in the dark of a rainy night.

Saturday dawned clear and turned hot, and the drying Aqueduct track was rated good. When George D. Widener's Bold Hero, who had beaten Damascus two races in a row, was scratched because of a bad fore ankle, it was clear that the Brooklyn would be a case of Dr. Fager, Damascus and rabbit, run.

Bringing Dr. Fager up to the race, Nerud could not keep back his confidence. "This is the greatest horse running in the world today," he said. In his career of almost 40 years, Nerud has become known for a startling candor and a habit of listening to his own drummer. "I've got my opinions, that's the truth," says Nerud. "Sometimes I'd be better off if I kept my mouth shut."

In his opinion of Dr. Fager, however, he was part of a majority that also included Racing Secretary Tommy Trotter, who assigned weights for the Brooklyn and now probably wishes he had kept his mouth shut. "I think Dr. Fager's an entirely different horse this year," Trotter said. "He can be rated and save something for the end, even if speed goes with him. I don't think the rabbit can bother him now."

But before the Brooklyn was even a quarter mile old, it was apparent just how capricious horses—even great ones—can be. For as soon as Hedevar bolted from his No. 7 post position on the outside to take the lead, there was Dr. Fager foolishly giving chase.

Pursuing his death wish, to the dismay of his backers in the crowd of 45,493 (who had made him the 3 to 5 favorite), Dr. Fager plunged on and on. He was still second at the half-mile pole, but then he swept past Hedevar and a quarter later was first by three lengths. "When I was out there winging," said Hedevar's jockey, Tommy Lee, "I kept looking for Dr. Fager and slowed down the pace a little so he'd come on and run past me. Maybe it was a little earlier than Baeza would have liked, with all that weight."

Baeza seemed to be doing little more than hanging on. Flying past the mile pole in the killing time of 1:34 1/5 ("You can't go that fast and expect to last a mile and a quarter," Nerud said later. "Everybody knows that. The jock knows that, but I don't know what he could have done about it"), Dr. Fager led by

a length and a half. But now, as Hedevar quickly dropped back to last, his mission accomplished, Damascus closed in on the tiring leader.

Turning down the stretch, Dr. Fager still led, but in a moment Damascus was matching him stride for stride. That lasted only a few yards. Then, with Ycaza applying a few left-handed raps with his whip to keep Damascus from lunging in on Dr. Fager on the rail, it was Damascus by a nose, a head and, finally, 2 1/4 lengths at the finish in track-record time of 1:59 1/5 for the 1 1/4 miles.

In his rueful postmortem, Baeza said of Dr. Fager, "He wanted to run with the leader. He ran well into the stretch, but he just couldn't hold off Damascus."

"If he [Hedevar] was a horse in there trying to win the race," growled Nerud, "he couldn't run a pace like that because he would die out. But he's not there to win. The only thing he's in there to do is harass Dr. Fager and let the other horse get him. You can't beat a setup like that."

Back at his barn, Whiteley was getting his horses bedded down, halfway listening to a radio sportscaster describe the day's event as "one of the truly great horse races, in this announcer's opinion." For Whiteley it was an artistic and strategic success, one of the triumphs of his career, but already the man had cooled out his emotions. In his tight-lipped way, Whiteley said yes, he was pleased with Damascus and, "Hedevar did a helluva job, as far as he went." Whiteley was asked if he planned to celebrate. With the winner's purse of \$71,110, Damascus had become the eighth Thoroughbred in history to earn more than \$1,000,000, joining the immortals Kelso, Round Table, Buckpasser, Nashua, Carry Back, Citation and Native Dancer.

"You know, I had forgotten all about that," Whiteley said. "No, the way I'm going to celebrate is with more work."

Did that mean that he would immediately begin pointing Damascus—and Hedevar—for another battle with Dr. Fager, a new rubber match in the series, possibly in the Whitney at Saratoga on August 3?

"That's another good question," Whiteley said. "He's had three tough races now in what—17 days? I've been under a lot of pressure, too. I think he and I both deserve a good rest." **END**

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Speediest swimsuits in a watery world

An Australian company, Speedo Knitting Mills in Sydney, produces the competition swimsuits that will be worn at the Olympic Games in Mexico City this fall by teams of 18 different countries, including the U.S.

Over the years, as certain items of sports apparel become classics, the brand names attached to them assume a generic character—names like Levi's, Bogners and Top-Siders, for example. Now there is another—Speedo. Speedos are racing swimsuits—and racing swimsuits are Speedos. Made by Speedo Knitting Mills in Sydney, Australia, these little one- or two-ounce chunks of quick-drying nylon tricot are so well construct-

ed that even the U.S. Olympic team, representing a country that makes more swimsuits than any other in the world, wears Speedo.

It is largely thanks to the American swimming team that the Speedo racing suit became known internationally. At Melbourne in 1956, U.S. swimmers were so impressed with the sleek, formfitting suits worn by the gold-medal-laden Australians that they brought some home.

After several U.S. competitors wore them in Rome in 1960 and in Tokyo in 1964, the U.S. Olympic Committee selected Speedos as official team equipment for the 1967 Pan-American Games in Winnipeg and the forthcoming Olympics. The 1968 U.S. team suit, worn by Jytte Healey in the photograph, has wide red-and-blue stripes divided by a fine white stripe. The Italian suit, worn by Ross Cornwall on the left, is green with red-and-white side panels.

U.S. Olympic Coach George Hames says, "You can't say the suit is faster than any other but you feel fast."

Because the nylon tricot is nonabsorbent, a Speedo suit will be dry 15 minutes after a swim, making it ideal for travel. The suits were first sold in the United States in 1960, when a racing enthusiast named Bill Lee of Palo Alto, Calif., bought 1,000 from the Australian firm and sold them by mail. The response was more than Lee could handle, so he made a licensing arrangement with White Stag to distribute Speedo under his supervision. In 1968 more than 400,000 Speedos will be sold in the U.S.

The racing suit is not the only sporting garment the company makes. The four MacRae brothers—who run the firm started by their father, a Scottish immigrant—are deepwater sailors, and they make sailing gear, wet suits for the cold Australian surf and the team suits worn by the 25,000 lifeguards who patrol Australian beaches. A wet suit is worn in the photograph by Nat Young, who is not only head of the company's wet-suit division but was the 1966 world champion surfer. The one-piece surf-life-saving suit is worn by Peter Wright.

Bill Lee predicts that the speediest swimsuits in the world will be worn by all the gold-medal winners in Mexico—and that should sell a few thousand more Speedos in 1969.

END



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PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT SAVRA



Philadelphia-born John Fulton, the son of Italian-Hungarian parents, has combined the fruition of his dream to be a matador and his work as an artist to live in Spain—a country he loves and where he is accepted as a native

A black and white photograph showing a tiled roof in the upper half and a bull in a corral in the lower half. The roof has a small white structure on the left. The bull is dark and stands in a sandy area with shadows.

TRIALS OF A YANQUI MATADOR

BY TEX MAULE

CONTINUED

In all the years that men have fought and killed bulls in Spain, only one North American has ever taken the degree of Doctor of Tauromachia and had it confirmed in that country. He is John Fulton, a tall, intense and talented bachelor who was born Fulton John Sciocchetti on May 25, 1932 in Philadelphia, of all places. His father was Italian, his mother Hungarian. The father, a painting contractor, changed the last name to Short in the interest of brevity and intelligibility. Fulton dropped it altogether after he came to Spain because there is no *sh* sound in the Spanish language and transposed his given names.

That was the least of the sacrifices he made to become a bullfighter. The odds against anyone becoming a full *matador de toros* are, as Fulton once said, something on the order of those against Muhammad Ali being elected mayor of Birmingham. Until 1963, in the recorded history of the bullfight in Spain, only 671 matadors had taken their *alternativa* there. Of these, 537 were Spaniards, 78 Mexicans and 41 South Americans. The list trails off with two North Africans, one Puerto Rican, and one North American, Sidney Franklin, who was born in Brooklyn as Sidney Frumkin. Franklin actually took his *alternativa* in Mexico, but he did confirm it in Madrid in 1945, in his last professional fight there, at the ripe age of 40. One other American, a Texan, Harper Lee, took his *alternativa* in Mexico in 1910. But Fulton took his *alternativa* in Spain on July 18, 1963 in the most revered of Spanish bullrings—the Maestranza in Seville.

Fulton got hooked on the bulls when he was a student at North East High School in Philadelphia. He knew nothing of bulls and cared less until he saw Tyrone Power in *Blood and Sand*, then read Ernest Hemingway's *Death in the Afternoon*. "I liked the book," he says. "Then I met a Spanish dance teacher who was helping put on a play with a flamenco theme, and I went to that and fooled around with a cape she had. Later she introduced me to a guitar-playing Spanish barber who owned one of Chicuelo's old capes and knew bullfighters who came to see him on their way from Spain to Mexico. I met some of them, too."

By the time he was 19, studying art on a scholarship at the Philadelphia Museum College of Art, Fulton had decided to become a bullfighter himself. The barber taught him some passes, and Fulton sold some early bullfight paintings to a Philadelphia restaurateur, Victor Tarello, to get enough money for a frugal month in Mexico City. There he spent the mornings at the Plaza de Toros, watching apprentices at practice.

"After a while, the kids asked me if I'd like to try it," he says. "I did a couple of *verónicas* the barber had taught me and didn't fall over myself, and they were really surprised. 'Mira! The Yanqui is not bad!'"

Fulton saw his first real fight in the Plaza México in Mexico City. "I liked everything I saw," he said. "I decided to return to Mexico the next summer."

On his second visit he discovered that the Instituto del Arte de Allende, an art school in San Miguel de Allende, offered scholarships for American artists, and he applied for one when he returned to Philadelphia. He received a year's scholarship and in 1953 went to San Miguel, ostensibly to study art but actually to study bullfighting. "My parents weren't exactly enthusiastic about my bullfighting ambitions," he said. "I needed a cover-up and the art school was just right."

In San Miguel, Fulton killed his first bull. He had worked with Luis Procuna, a Mexican matador who traded Fulton bullfighting lessons for instructions in fencing, and with Pepe Ortiz, an ex-matador who owned a bull ranch near San Miguel and let Fulton practice there. Ortiz, during his career as a matador, had invented several passes and had one named after him.

"The bulls were reject stock from the Santa Cecilia ranch," he recalls. "My problem was I didn't have the \$0 bucks to pay for the bull. The scholarship only paid tuition and I was scratching out the rest selling drawings to *toristas*. Finally, the other students took up a collection and made up the money."

He fought in the *traje corto* (a short jacket, high-waisted trousers, boots and a broad-brimmed hat used on ranches and in informal fights), and on the first pass the bull knocked him flat. "It made me mad and I got up and did some good things," he said. "If I hadn't messed up the kill, I might have cut an ear."

By the time Fulton had finished his year at San Miguel, he was npe for the draft. Luckily, he was sent to Fort Sam Houston, not far from the Mexican border. Even more luckily, Brigadier General L. Holmes Ginn, in charge of his outfit, was an aficionado.

"He saw me practicing one morning," John says. "He watched awhile and told me he had seen Sidney Franklin fight. I was getting offers to fight *novilladas* along the border and he helped me by giving me an unofficial O.K. Later, when the inspector general complained about a GI fighting bulls, the general pointed out that enlisted pharmacists moonlighted in San Antonio drug stores and that ended the complaint." With the general's connivance, Fulton fought eight or 10 times along the border in Reynosa, Villa Acuña and Matamoros. By now he was a *novillero*, having complied with the requirement of the bullfighters' union that he appear on 10 cartels as a novice.

"You had to get on 10 cartels to get in the union," he says wryly. "And you had to be in the union to get on a cartel. So I had to work in nonunion, undercover fights. Same thing happened when I went to Spain. They had a rule for a while that a foreign bullfighter had to show 10 cartels in his native country before he could fight as a *novillero* in Spain with picadors. That's tough when you come from the U.S. Later they changed it so you were allowed 10 fights in Spain without picadors."

In 1956 Fulton decided to go to Spain to complete his



In the world-famous Madrid ring John Fulton executes a "pase de pecho."

taurine education, and he arrived in Seville in April, on Thursday of Holy Week, during the fiesta, with \$400 in his pocket and no prospect of earning more. He found a room in the Hotel Roma, a modest establishment not far from the bullring, then set out to look up a man named José Muñoz Corpas, a manager of matadors and novilleros. He had a note from a friend on one of Corpas' cards saying, "He is a good egg." Corpas was easy to find. He turned out to be the son of the woman who owned the Hotel Roma and, unfortunately for Fulton, he became John's first manager in Spain. Corpas was a bad egg.

"Corpas was a disaster," Fulton says. "I didn't know anything about the scene in Spain, and my Spanish wasn't good enough to decipher a contract. Pepe Hillo [Corpas' nickname] signed me to a five-year contract with a half-million-peseta indemnification clause. That meant that if I wanted to get out of it, I paid the half million. Four years later I broke the contract with the help of the union, but I had to put up with Pepe in the meantime."

Pepe was certainly no better and may even have been worse than most managers who prey on young fighters. The world of the bulls in Spain is an incredibly sordid one. Bullfight critics pay their papers for the privilege of writing columns, and they make their money on bribes from the matadors. Bulls have, in the past, had their horns shaved to save the fighters, and leading matadors still demand and get calves instead of mature animals in their corrales. John saw little money from Pepe for the few fights his manager got for him. After a fight in Cusa-

blanca, Pepe came home with a new watch and new luggage but told Fulton there was no money for him. It had gone in expenses, he said. "You learn to expect that," Fulton said. "The manager can give you a list of expenses and include so much as a bribe for a critic, and there's no way you can check on him."

In those early days John trained with Tato Palacios, a young Mexican he had met in Villa Acuña. On rainy days they worked out by running up the ramps in the tower of La Giralda, near the cathedral in Seville, running in the early morning to avoid the *toristas*. Sometimes he worked out on a fírfel field in Camas, on the outskirts of the city, with Spanish beginners. "Curro Romero was a novillero then," he says. (Romero was to become one of the best swordsmen in Spain.) "Paco Camino worked out in short pants at the same time I did, and his dad was a *banderillero* for me in some of my early fights." (Camino is generally ranked among the top two or three matadors today.)

Living was not expensive. John and Tito ate in small bars at noon, buying a glass of *vino tinto* and eating a free *sopa*. The wine cost three cents, American. The *sopa* varied with the café—it might be fish, cheese, a shish kebab of four small bits of veal on a skewer or a tortilla. For about eighty cents a day, Fulton ate enough to live.

"Once I thought I had some kind of vitamin deficiency," he recalls. "In the early afternoon I'd feel dizzy. So did Tito. We were going to a place called El Barril, in the old area, and drinking *piscinas*. [A *piscina* is a glass of wine and carbonated water called a 'swimming pool' because of its size.] I finally realized we were getting smashed on the *piscinas*. We didn't have enough in our stomachs to take that much wine."

He cut an ear in his first fight in Spain, in Alcalá. He fought along the Costa Brava and Costa del Sol, wherever there were American tourists. Pepe Hillo appropriated most of the money while Fulton earned his living primarily from his painting and from selling bullfight lithographs through the PX at Air Force bases. He felt lucky when he broke even on a fight.

"And the fights did not come easy," he said. "The Spaniards were tough. If an American proved he could really fight, they ignored him. If you showed an ounce of professionalism, they cut you off and made it nearly impossible for you to fight." Given the opportunity, Fulton fought well. He had four or five fights in Puerto de Santa María, a big ring not far from Seville, and cut ears and was carried from the ring on the shoulders of the crowd

continued

each time. But the bookings were still difficult to get. "When you don't fight regularly you don't fight well," Fulton says now. "And when you're a foreigner you're judged by the most rigid, classic rules, while the rules for the native fighters are flaccid. I got the feeling that the public didn't believe it when I fought well. I know when I do well, and often I did not get credit. It was frustrating. I had to try things in the ring with bulls instead of in a *novela* with small cows because I couldn't even get the *novelas* most Spanish fighters did."

During these early days in Seville, Fulton met two of the legends of Spanish bullfighting—Juan Belmonte and Rafael El Gallo. They were old men by then, sitting quietly in a small cafe called Los Corrales, sipping coffee and lighting each other's cigars and accepting the admiration of the young aficionados and aspiring *suaviteros*. Fulton was to become very friendly with both of them before their deaths a few years later.

By 1961 Fulton felt that he was ready to take his *alternativa*. Antonio Ordóñez, Spain's No. 1 fighter and a friend, promised to help him. "Get a fight in Seville in June," Ordóñez said. "I'll set it up to give you the *alternativa* in July." Unfortunately, Ordóñez was gored, his season cut short, and Fulton wound up appearing in only one *suavidad* that summer.

Early in October he got a call from the impresario in Madrid on a Monday, offering him a fight in the capital the next Sunday. Although he knew he had not had enough work, Fulton accepted.

"If I turned him down, I might never get the chance again," he said. "My American friends in Madrid were anxious for me to fight there. My Spanish friends in Seville knew it was a mistake."

To get some practice, John bought a bull for \$240. It turned out to be blind in one eye and reluctant to charge. "I fought it anyway," Fulton said. "This was on Tuesday. I didn't get much useful work from the animal, and when I went in to kill I dropped it on the first sword." Late Wednesday night Fulton got another call, from the impresario in his good-luck ring, Puerto de San to Marzu. He was offered a fight the next day as substitute for a *novillero* who had been injured.

"It meant two more bulls to work with," he said. "At first I was overjoyed, but before I went to sleep I began to worry. What if a bull stepped on me or gored me seriously enough so that I wouldn't be able to fight in Madrid?"

As usual, Fulton cut an ear and was carried from the ring in triumph in Puerto the next day. But his first bull knocked him down and he sprained his ankle, and by the time he got back to Seville it was too swollen and sore to

walk on. Despite emergency treatment from a doctor at the air base, he could barely put his weight on the foot by the time he had to leave for Madrid.

The afternoon was rainy and cold, and Fulton's luck matched the bad weather. "I suppose that was the low point in my career," he says now, ruefully. "A few days before the fight a group of American servicemen had got drunk and nearly caused a riot in downtown Madrid by shouting insulting remarks about Franco and offending some Spanish women in the worst way possible. When I got out of my car at the plaza the crowd was thick and angry, and they yelled things like, 'Go back to Chicago, gangster!' and 'Yankee, go home!'"

Fulton could not afford to bring a full *esquadra* with him from Seville. He had brought only one picador and one *banderillero*, and the pickup help he got from the pool in Madrid was incompetent. He had sent his sword



During a testing of the young bulls, Fulton rides with the late Juan Belmonte.

handler around to the critics with bribe money, and one critic sent the envelope back after examining the contents. "Tell your matador, 'Ese no es mi dinero,'" the critic told the sword handler, saying in effect, "This isn't my kind of money. Not enough."

"It's my kind," Fulton said and pocketed the cash. He never tried to bribe another critic.

Unable to move easily on the bad ankle and handicapped by the inept pickup help, Fulton was something less than Manolete. The public audibly thrived for his blood and, to cap the disaster, he could not kill his second bull within the time limit.

"It was a nightmare," he says now. "I didn't do badly

with the cape and the muleta, but the first time I went in with the sword I hit bone. The next time I got a *media esworda* [the sword half buried], and the bull coughed blood and wet itself. Usually a bull hit like that will go down eventually, but this damn animal grew stronger and stronger."

Sweating, tired and with the bad ankle aching, Fulton went in 26 times trying to kill the bull. Ironically, the bull dropped to his knees and died just after the last warning had sounded. Fulton could barely hold back his tears as he walked out under a rain of cushions.

The critics were even crueler than the crowd, and the man who had spurned Fulton's offering was particularly vicious. "I suppose it was to be expected with so many tourists in the stands," he wrote. "Eventually one of them had to overflow into the ring, and that is what happened last Sunday."

It was on Belmonte's ranch near Seville that Fulton regained his confidence after his horrific debut in Madrid. "I was really down," he says. "I talked to Ordóñez and told him I was going to stick it out, and he said the deal about the *alternativa* was still on. Later, at his suggestion, I turned down an offer for the *alternativa* from another matador. But Ordóñez never carried through on his promise, an arrangement with Jaime Ostos to give me the *alternativa* fell through when he was very badly gored."

Now Fulton was seriously considering giving up the bulls, but Belmonte came to his rescue. He had a *neuro* (testing of the cows) at his ranch and invited Fulton to participate.

"I decided to go and do my best and then ask Belmonte if he thought I could ever be even a lousy bullfighter," Fulton recalls. "If he said no, I'd give it up."

But Fulton's luck changed and he excelled. "That afternoon I fought as well or better than I ever had," John says. "You don't kill the cow, but when the time came for the *estorada* I threw away the sword, profiled, went in over the horns and put my hand on the cow's back where the sword would have gone in. To give the impression that you have followed through enough to bury the sword to the hilt you try to keep your hand on the animal as far along her back as you can. On this one I slid my hand all the way back until I grabbed her by the tail. When I finished, Belmonte and the guests were standing and applauding. I can't tell you how I felt."

Later Belmonte said, "If it were not for his name, you would never know that this young man is not a Spanish bullfighter."

Kind words helped, but what Fulton needed was money, he had no regular work. At one point Ernest Hemingway, probably remembering his own tours of Spain with Sidney Franklin, gave Fulton and a friend, Photographer Bob Vavra, a \$100 traveler's check to tide them over. A group of Texans offered to put up \$10,000 in return for half of his earnings in perpetuity. "We were just signing the papers," John says now, grinning. "Then one

of them had the bloody nerve to say, 'But what do we do if you are killed by a bull?' I told him what he could do and that ended that."

One of the rare benefactors who came through was Randy Burke, a wistful character with dreams of glory. "He was 52 when he decided to be a matador," Fulton says. "He took lessons in Mexico City, then came to Seville. He was expecting to inherit two million bucks, and he lived on what he could borrow on his expectations. One evening we were talking about the difficulties of becoming a bullfighter and the expense, and he said, 'Would a thousand dollars help you?' I said, 'Sure.' He wrote me a check for \$500 and his wife matched it and then they gave Bob Vavra \$500 to help him along. They didn't know either of us well. On the way home Bob and I laughed, figuring they got their kicks writing phony checks. But the checks were good."

The offer of the *alternativa* came suddenly. One of Fulton's friends was Don Felix Moreno de la Cova, a bull ranch owner who is now mayor of Seville. He invited Fulton to a *venta* on his ranch and John accepted, although the bulls of the ranch were no bargain and the cows were almost as bad.

At the *venta* Fulton performed well. At one point one of the Spanish youngsters who haunt *ventas* for a chance to cape a cow tried his hand. "He was a real *gorila*," Fulton said. "Don Felix said, 'Stop. Let an American show you how.' When it was over, he asked me if I would like to take my *alternativa* in Seville with his bulls. I had seen one big gray bull of his that was very good and, in spite of the size of the others, I accepted."

The fight was set for July 18, and again Fulton's bad luck came through. At a *venta* 10 days before, he stretched a tendon in his left knee and was confined to bed until the day of the *alternativa*. "All I could do was lie still," he said. "I wasn't sure I would be able to stand up for the fight, but I damn sure was going to try."

The day before the fight some of John's friends went to see the bulls. They came back to his apartment with the air of mourners at a funeral. "They didn't say anything," Fulton recalls. "They didn't have to. The bulls were cathedrals. Real elephants." One of his *banderilleros* suddenly remembered a previous engagement and left town. Tulio Vázquez, a close friend of Fulton's and a rancher, died the night before the fight. Jaime Ostos, the matador who had offered to sponsor Fulton for the *alternativa* earlier, was severely gored.

"I slept all right the night before," Fulton said. "I'm not superstitious. Once the same funeral crossed my path three times on the way to a *corrida* and my *cuadrilla* was ready to quit, but I cut two ears that afternoon. So I slept. I always do. I worry sometimes about goofing up and looking ridiculous, or I may think of trying a difficult pass and being caught, but I don't fear the possibility of physical injury."

(Continued)

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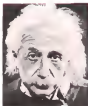
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Early in the evening a friend came by and offered to relieve Fulton of the pain in his knee for the duration of the fight. "Ignore the knee," he said. "I will concentrate. If you ignore the knee, the pain is free and I can accept it." Whatever the reason, the knee was all right for the fight.

Fulton got out of bed to dress about two hours before the fight, assisted by his sword handler, Manolo Tovar. Like most matadors, Fulton is meticulous in preparation. He has modified the *traje de luces* (suit of lights) in some ways. Under his *safoquilla* (pants), he wears silk tights instead of linen drawers. The tights do not bunch around the legs and a bull's horns are less apt to catch in skintight fabric. His *safoquilla* is fastened with hooks and eyes, not laced at the bottom. When a fighter is ready to give his all in a *corrida* he tells his boy, "¡Apretad los machos!" or "Cinch up the laces!" But Fulton feels that the tight laces tend to cut the circulation in his lower legs and slow him down. His black leather pumps have elastic at the instep, not laces, and the sewed-on bows are always impeccably in place. Seville's aficionados are very critical of the niceties of dress.

Fulton dedicated his first bull to his father and to Harper Lee and dedicated his second to Don Marcos Orueta, a building contractor who had helped arrange the *alternativa*. The first bull was cowardly, but Fulton, staying near the fence to give the animal courage, fought it well. He was awarded a *vuelta*—a triumphal circuit of the ring—but not an ear, because he had had to go in twice to kill. At the entrance of Fulton's second bull, the crowd gasped and three of John's friends left the ring rather than watch the slaughter.

"I saw that monster come out, and come out, and come out!" one of Fulton's friends said later. "Unbeheavable!" It weighed 576 kilos and had the curly hair of age over its face and neck. Many bulls fought in Madrid weigh 100 kilos less.

Fulton watched the big bull carefully.

"A good bull will charge the cape well and follow through after it," he explained. "It will lower its head slowly and steadily in the charge, not box with its horns. It will bang the *banderilero* with its horns when the *banderilero* ducks behind it."

But this bull cut in to the right on its charges, ripping a cape from Manolo Navarro, one of Fulton's *banderilleros*, and splitting it in two. With Navarro on the bull's left, it charged well.

So Fulton went deep into the ring to pass the bull on its left side, turned completely to take the second pass on the left, working very close and linking several passes, all on the bull's left, and the crowd went wild. Bad luck on the kill spoiled Fulton's chance for an ear, but he got an ovation and his debut was a success.

On the strength of his Spanish ranking as *matador de*

toros, Fulton fought fairly often in Mexico, but his success had come a little late. "In 1961 I probably could have made it big," he says. "By 1964 the novelty of American bullfighters was gone, the syndicate had taken over and you fought for what they wanted to pay you. The risks are the same, so now I just won't fight for peanuts anymore." Fulton confirmed his *alternativa* in Madrid on October 27, 1967. He had not fought in a long time, he had had one other *corrida* in Olvares, in late July, and had cut two ears and he had fought in festivals before that, but he was rusty.

"In companion with the reviews from my debut, most of the critics were fair," he said. "I did not cut any ears, but I gave a sound professional performance."

With the confirmation of his *alternativa* in Madrid, Fulton accomplished almost all he had set out to do. "I would like to appear in the Plaza Mexico in Mexico City as a full matador, because that's where it all started," he says. "I can look back and be proud of what I have done, not sorry for what I haven't."

He drives a new Mercedes-Benz, a symbol of the successful matador, and lives in a villa in Seville now, a house once occupied by the daughter of Juan Belmonte. He is well known and respected, and he earns a good living as an artist. He paints bulls in their own blood, and the blood comes from bulls he has killed; the first such painting he did was for Adlai Stevenson, and now his paintings are owned by James Michener, Peter O'Toole, His Highness the Maharajah of Cooch Behar, the Yale University Art Gallery and the Sports Illustrated library, among others. They are beautifully executed and done from a viewpoint no other artist can command—in front of the bull. He has also collaborated with Vavra on a child's book called *Little Egg and Toro*, and he has produced a magnificent volume called *Lament for The Death of a Matador*, a lush evocation of the poetry of Garcia Lorca commemorating the death of Ignacio Sánchez Mejías.

John Fulton is a kind, generous man, endowed with *duende*, a distillation of the charm, honor, generosity and grace of the best of the Spanish character. Michener has written of him: "I know of no foreigner in Spain who has shown me *duende* except that extraordinary American, John Fulton Short. . . . One night during the fair in Sevilla, in a high attic where some dancers, guitarists and singers had gathered, Short danced in such a way that *duende* shone upon him. It was something to see."

At a flamenco party he gave recently, it shone upon him again. He danced and recited Lorca in Spanish and he is a graceful, assured flamenco dancer, as fluent on his feet as he is an Andalusian. When he finished, a Spaniard made a little speech.

"We dedicate this next song to our friend John Fulton," he said. "Matador, painter, dancer and, above all else, Andalusian. He is one of us."

So he is.

END

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BIKING—After 24 days and 2,917 miles, the Tour de France was over and JANS PHILIPPE of The Netherlands was the victor by a scant 38 seconds over Belgium's Henk Van Springel. Janzen's overall time was 133 hours, 49 minutes, 42 seconds.

BOWLING—Former lightweight champion EMMALE L. ALLEN, a Panama resident an impressive victory at Madison Square Garden over Victor Mancera of Puerto Rico, who was a loser for the first time in 25 years.

GOAT—JULIUS BORDO, 48, became the oldest player ever to win the Preaker when he came from two strokes behind after three rounds, shot a 69 on the last day and beat Arnold Palmer and Bob Charles by one stroke in the 1980 American Open 731.

A record-setting penalty for size paid Mrs. Marilyn Smith first-place money in the \$10,800 Kentucky Southern Invitational Tournament in Cincinnati as she scored up one stroke behind CAROL MANN, who had a 54-hole total of 299.

HANDED RACING—The winner of the Gold Division of the \$20,000 Challenging Golf Tour at Rossmore was LORANDEA JIM (54-20), who built up a four-length lead over heavily favored Rosapark and held on to come home first by a stroke.

A track record of 1:38.8 for the mile was set at Vernon Downs by NEEVLE PRIDE (52-20), who finished four lengths ahead of Kentucky Spartan in the \$25,000 Founders Golf Cup Tour.

HORSE RACING—DAMASCUS (54-80) proved his record against Dr. F. and J. was not for nothing when he won in four meetings between the two, this time making the \$309,400 Brooklyn Handicap at Aqueduct by two and a half lengths (59-46).

The \$100,000 Sovereign Stakes turned out to be a 10-length romp for 88G ADVANCE (35-20), who proved outdistanced Alet Process at Monmouth Park.

HOION SPORTS—Steve Doris (50-51) kept a year for the first time in his eight-year career on the Grand Prix circuit as he won the British Open at Brands Hatch, England, riding a Honda 750, covered the 112-mile course in an average time of 38:43, more than one and a half seconds faster than Chris Amon of New Zealand and Jack Jacks of Belgium, both of whom drove Formula 1.

SOCCER—NASL, according to the old baseball rule, the last game, "Washington—New York, first in point, led in the American League." When doctors in soccer through WASHINGTON is now first in the Atlantic Division of the Eastern Conference. The Whips got there by scoring four times in 10 minutes to beat Chicago 4-1 and then stepping New York 3-2 on Rongli Gyn's goal with 2:15 left in play. One point behind the Whips was ATLANTA, which rallied its opponents with a superb defense. The 1-0 victory defeated Kansas City 1-1 and held Cleveland to a scoreless tie, allowing a total of 21 shots, all goal in the two games. Total defense was BOSTON, who beat Miami 1-0 and NEW YORK, which had a win and two losses.

BOSTON beat Houston 1-0. TORONTO was the only winner in the Lakes Division, knocking off Vancouver 4-3. First place CHICAGO beat Dallas and had its lead increased to 11 points over S. LEV. AND which had a two and a half point lead. PHOENIX dropped both its games. In the Gulf Division at the Western Conference, KANSAS CITY led once. HOUSTON split two games, and advanced to second place, 18 points behind the Spurs. ST. LOUIS played one tie, but DALLAS truly was in first place of the section in Houston. KANSAS CITY was in a 2-1 spot of Los Angeles. SAN DIEGO lost once and had in Pacific Division matter out to 28 points over DALLAS, which had a two and a half point lead. In the Gulf Division, LOS ANGELES had one victory in three games and VAN COUVER a win and a loss.

SWIMMING—Tennants (JIMMY MEYER 13, of both swimmers) KAREN MUIR 15, of South Africa and LARRY HALL 16, of Los Angeles, California, set world records in the Los Angeles Invitational. Mrs. Meyer finished her two swims for the 1,500-meter freestyle (17:31) and for the 800-meter freestyle (10:19). Mrs. MUIR's 2:23 for the 200-meter backstroke, lowered the world mark of Elaine Tanner of Canada by a sixth second. In the 100-meter backstroke Mrs. MUIR had a 1:07, which was two-fifths second under Mrs. Tanner's record.

but not good enough to appear on her own pending mark of 1:56.4 set earlier this year. Hall won the 400-meter individual medley in 4:43, a two-second improvement on Dick Smith's record time since 1964 Olympics.

SWIMMING—NANCY BICHES of New York won the U.S. 1A Clay Coast singles in Milwaukee. Miss Biches, who took the women's championship for the sixth straight year last Sunday 4-6, 6-1. Gabriela dropped of San Louis 6-3, 7-5, 6-0.

Joan Condon of SPAIN defeated Nicola Pietrangeli of Italy 6-4, 6-5, 2-6 going by Davis Cupman 3-2 in triumph in the European Zone Finals in Barcelona. Spain will take on the U.S. squad August 15, 16 in Cleveland.

For-sure old PANCHO GONZALEZ used his powerful serve to keep Red Lane off balance as he came from behind to take the National Tennis League championship in Los Angeles 1-6, 6-4. MRS. BILLIE JEAN KING also started slowly and had to fight to win the women's title, defeating Mrs. Ann Haydon Jones by scores of 11-82, 6-1.

TRACK & FIELD—World records were set by JOHN KILIA of Finland in the 900-meter steeplechase and by VERA NIKOLIE of Yugoslavia in the women's 400-meter run. Kilia lowered the 1965 mark set by Gordon Rowlands of Belgium by 12 seconds with an 8:24 performance in Stockholm. Mrs. Nikolie, who won in 2:00.5 a year in London, also broke the record in the 200-meter dash four years ago by Ann Packer of Great Britain. The American mark for the 100-meter walk was improved to 4:12.0 by LARRY YODanis at the national championships and universal Olympic trials in San Francisco. Young's time, which was just 1:10 off the world record, bettered the U.S. mark by a whopping 32.82.

At an international decathlon competition in Kassel, Germany, KURT BENDLIN of West Germany scored 4,084 points, the highest total for anyone this year. A teammate, Hans-Joachim Walde, was scored with 7,523 points and Bill Tomlin of Santa Barbara, Calif. was third with 7,828 points.

BASEBALL—SIGNED by the New Orleans Saints, and DAVE PARKS, 26, who played last year with the San Francisco Giants last season. Parks caught 238 passes and threw 40 touchdowns during four years with the 49ers. In 1965 he led the NFL in total receptions with 80.

TRADED—Quarterback BART FARRILL, 25, to the New York Jets by the Boston Patriots, who received Quarterback MIKE TALLIAFERRO, 27, in return. Farrill, who began his professional career in 1952, played for the Green Bay Packers and the Cleveland Browns in the NFL, spent 1959 in the Canadian Football League and then moved to the Oakland Raiders in the A.F.L. The next season he was traded to the Patriots for whom he last year completed 163 of 344 passes for 19 touchdowns. Farrill's career total read like figures from a leapfrogger career: 1,399 completions in 3,231 tries, good for 22,842 yards and 178 touchdowns. Talliaferro, who was injured most of last season, but in 11 of 20 throws for one score going from last year totals of 98 completions—eight of them for touchdowns—in 273 attempts.

TRANSFERRED—The New Britain Americans of the ABA, who were based last year in Teaneck, N.J., to Connecticut Long Island N.Y. where they will be known as the New York Nets.

RETIRED—Two of the NFL's most prolific kickers—DANNY VILLANUOVA, 30, of the Dallas Cowboys and MIKE CLARK, 27, of the Pittsburgh Steelers. Villanueva holds league records for the most extra points kicked in one season and the most without a miss in one year, records he set in 1965. He finished '66 in a new, 1967 career total of 881 points, which he achieved by kicking 236 extra points, the last five missed and 15 held good in last week. Villanueva is back in action in the Los Angeles Rams in 1966 and five years later he was named in the Cowboys for Frank Tompa. Meanwhile, Clark started off with the Philadelphia Eagles in 1963, then was sent to the Steelers in 1964 for a draft pick. He led the Steelers in scoring last season with 71 points, kicking 73 consecutive points after touchdowns and converting one 17 and 22 field goals attempts. In all, Clark kicked 149 of 176 P.A.T.s and 64 of 113 field goals for a career total of 137 points.

DIED—The oldest active member of the Baseball Writers Association of America, EDWARD A. BATCHELOR, 88, who worked for both the Detroit Free Press and the Detroit News during his 60-year journalistic career, in Detroit.

CREDITS
A—John D. Horton, 42, Shively & Long, 44—Tony Tomlin, 43—Stanley & Long, 48—John D. Horton, 48—D. W. Moore, 48—John D. Horton, 48—Richard D. Horton, 48—A.

FACES IN THE CROWD



KEVIN KROK, 8, of Watson, Calif., who runs an average of four and a half miles daily, has run a 5.44 mile and an 18:32 for three miles. Recently he set a Junior Olympic mark for boys 9 and under in the 440-yard race walk, which he completed in 1:52.5.



MARGARET MEAD of Santa Barbara, Calif. was the pilot and Mrs. Billie Harris, also of Santa Barbara, the co-pilot of the winning entry in the Powder Puff Derby, a 2,400-mile cross-country race in which they had an average speed of 176.53 mph.



STEVE LOVETT, captain of the baseball, football and wrestling squads at Concord High School in West Hartford, Conn., led his team to league titles in all three sports and to the state championship in wrestling, in which he finished first in his weight division.



CHARLIE OWENS of Tuscaloosa, Ala., who had been seeded fifth at the national interscholastic tennis championships in Champaign, was the tournament champion by defeating third-ranked Dick Stockton of Garden City, N.Y. in the final round 5-7, 6-4, 6-1.



GAIL STAKES of Schenectady, a sophomore at Onondaga Community College, earned a National Collegiate Golf championship with a decisive 10 and 9 victory in the final round of play against Carol Semple of Hollins (Va.) College.



ELLIOT FISHMAN doesn't have a tale to tell about the fish that got away, but he does have one to tell about the one he caught after a three-hour 28-minute light rain on home on St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands, for it was a world record 845.4 pound blue marlin.

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by DICK RUSSELL

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Ernie Banks (.480 for the week) claimed he was in his second childhood. Leo Durocher praised Glenn Beckert as "the best second baseman in a long time," and CHICAGO (15-2) was suddenly casting its eyes on second place. Though still four games from second, the Cubs rose to sixth as Beckert extended his hitting streak to 26 games, longest in the majors this year, and Ferguson Jenkins showed his '67 form with two low-hit victories. Banks even borrowed from Broadway and belted out a clubhouse solo of "Let a winner lead the way," and the team was relaxed for a change. Another mid-season disappointment, CINCINNATI (4-1), shook its lethargy with three straight wins. Mack Jones, recently saddled with a pulled thigh muscle, twice rescued games with key pinch hits, and Ted Abernathy turned in two more brilliant relief jobs as his ERA spiraled to 0.76. ST. LOUIS (4-3), which had won on Memorial Day and Independence Day also, remained undefeated on Payday. The Cards, who get paychecks on the first and 15th of each month, claimed their seventh straight "money" victory. Low-hit efforts by Bob Veale and Bob Moose plus Mandy Alou's 333 week helped PITTSBURGH (5-3) break a 10-game losing streak, but Veale could not understand a rush of congratulations after the ninth inning of his 2-1 win. Changing shirts in the clubhouse, he'd missed seeing the winning run and thought it was still a 1-1 tie. Al Jackson, the "player to be named later" in a winter trade, made a rare start for NEW YORK (4-5) and defeated his old Cardinal mates. ATLANTA (3-4) got a lift from Bob Johnson, who produced seven hits in four games while subbing for ailing Cleve Boyer, but gained no ground on the Cards. At SAN FRAN-

CISCO (3-4) discouraged Manager Herman Franks announced he'd quit unless the Giants won the pennant (but the bats remained numb (2.1 runs per game), and only shutouts by Ray Sadecks and Juan Marchal averted a plunge to the second division. Nothing went right for PHILADELPHIA (2-5) either, as Richie Allen batted .192 and booted one game with two errors after his equipment bag—including his 41-ounce bat—was lost following an exhibition game in Reading, Pa. Two wins by Don Drysdale and a 10 RBI week from 188 hitter Ron Farchy kept LOS ANGELES (2-4) from losing more ground. HOUSTON (3-4) hit only .187 and, with three starting pitchers on the shelf, bullpen regulars had to start both ends of one doubleheader.

Standings: STL 41-38, ATL 36-43, Phi 40-43, Cn 40-43, SF 40-47, Ch 43-48, Pitt 43-49, NY 43-51, LA 43-52, Min 43-55

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Until recently, CLEVELAND's (5-1) Stan Williams was most remembered as the guy who walked in the deciding run of the 1962 National League playoff series. The managerial recipient of that gift, Alvin Dark, is ironically gaining new dividends from the 31-year-old journeyman—only now they are on the same team. Williams, who quit the game briefly three years ago, won one game (his seventh) and saved another as Dark's Indians cut three games from the Tigers' lead. "Who put Busazolidin in the Orioles' brain flakes?" a BALTIMORE (5-3) writer wondered after Dave McNally, previously 0-for-41 at bat, stroked a home run to beat the Tigers and gain his second victory of the week. When MINNESOTA (4-4) scored 12 runs in four innings of one game, another possible stimulant was suggested. "Marijuana"

responded Manager Cal Ermer to a reporter's jest. "Is that supposed to produce base hits and get players high and all that?" Rich Reese, subbing at first for the injured Harmon Killebrew, batted .412 and was by far the highest. Twin OAKLAND (4-4) moved back into the first division behind Campy Campanaris (.417), Sal Bando (.467) and Diego Segui, who pitched nine scoreless innings in five relief appearances. After revealing he had been plagued all season by a sore arm, CHICAGO's (4-4) Joel Horlen promptly won two games and the White Sox, winners in only 15 of 37 previous one-run decisions, claimed three of four close ones. Anemic hitting (.184 for the week) had league-leading DETROIT (3-5) looking back, but the Tigers' largest home crowd in seven years—53,208—watched rookie Tom Matchick win one game with a two-out ninth-inning homer. The Tigers dropped the next three, however, to the Orioles and saw their lead dwindle to five and a half games. CALIFORNIA's (4-3) George Brunet suddenly developed a sinker pitch that behaved suspiciously like a spitball and hurled two five-hit shutouts. BOSTON (3-5) received four homers apiece from Reggie Smith and Ken Harrelson, plus a game-winning three-run double from recalled veteran Russ Nixon, and clung to fourth place. Bronx boy Rocky Colavito, who says home-town NEW YORK (4-4) always was his favorite team, was picked up from the Dodgers and produced a decisive homer in his first night in a Yankee uniform. WASHINGTON (3-6) got a closed-door pep talk from player rep Bernie Allen that proved helpful in ending a nine-game losing streak.

Standings: Det 58-36, Balt 52-40, Cle 54-42, Bos 54-46, Cal 45-43, Min 45-48, Oak 45-49, NY 43-48, Ch 40-51, Wash 32-58

HIGHLIGHT

Sometime soon, may be before he celebrates his 45th birthday this Friday, Hoyt Wilhelm will whip a White Sox bullpen out and disembark exactly 89 ft from home plate for the 90th time in his 16-year major league career. He will dig his right fingertips into the ball, flout it exuberantly toward the plate and, no matter what happens next, one of baseball's oldest records will knuckle under. In 1981 Cy Young retired after 996 pitching appearances. Wilhelm will surpass that in four fewer seasons and be his no intention of stopping now. "I feel like pitching and I'm 40," he shrugged after hurling in five more games last week. Hoyt's secret remains his knuckleball, a delivery that has been baffling batters—and his own catchers—since boyhood days in Huntersville, N.C. It's easy, on his arm "because there's

so joint of the elbow or wrist and so much for speed to make it effective," and Wilhelm throws it "30° of the tent if I'm getting it over." Wilhelm owns a 1.31 ERA through 48 appearances this season and has been the White Sox' top reliever since 1963. He pitched a no-hitter with Baltimore in 1959, but he can't remember when last he started a game. Former White Sox J. C. Martin, however, vividly recalls catching a Wilhelm start against Boston five years ago. "For the first five innings he threw nothing but fast balls and he had a 1-0 lead. Then he went to the knuckler, like he was relieving himself. Never will forget Eddie Bresnold. Eddie lunged as one outside, he swung at one inside, and the umpire called him out on the next pitch with Eddie lying flat on the ground." Hoyt Wilhelm's knuckler had again turned on, mixed in and suddenly dropped out. Never trust any knuckleballer over 40.



WILHELM GOING STRONG AT 40

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

THE BLACK ATHLETE (CONT.)

Sirs:

Having been the student body president of the University of Texas at El Paso (1967-68), I can truthfully say that the facts in Part 3 of *The Black Athlete: A Shameful Story* accurately reflect the situation on the campus. I am ashamed that my fellow students and I did not do something about what we knew to be true. But, because even the smallest effort was effectively beaten back by the administration, the athletic department and the town, the few concerned and aware students eventually became very cynical and resigned to the fact of our powerlessness. I apologize to the black brothers across the country for not having had the courage beyond being called a "nigger lover" to do what must be done. Maybe the students still at UTEP and everywhere else will now have the necessary courage to do their part in radically changing a biased, prejudiced and corrupt intercollegiate athletic system, not only for the black athlete but for everyone who is exploited by an athletic department.

JAMES L. PHILAN

El Paso

Sirs:

Since I am a member of the faculty at UT at El Paso, this must come as a surprise, for the general feeling here is "Why pick on us?" However, I feel impelled to thank you for doing from the outside what cannot be effectively changed from the inside.

Since almost every "imported" black athlete has taken his basic speech course with me, I can testify to his feeling of loneliness "in an alien world." I have listened to them speak, but I must confess that even I did not really understand the depths of their unhappiness until I read your article.

Much as I enjoy being a spectator at all sports, I cannot help but feel that there is a great deal wrong with a system that exploits athletes—both black and white. I hope that SI will continue to point out the weaknesses of our system, and the injustices suffered by those who participate.

Thank you for helping us to see ourselves as we are—not as we say we are.

JEAN H. MICURA

El Paso

Sirs:

Jack Olsen has presented a very interesting series. But he becomes so carried away with building a case against the UTEP officials that he reverts to overexaggeration and, in so doing, presents one paradox after another.

On one hand he seems to be criticizing ev-

erything about UTEP except its sensational colored athletes. On the other hand it was pointed out that UTEP "was the first institution in Texas that had a colored athlete," and that this near-miracle was accomplished without catastrophic consequences and by coaches who are "mostly Southern types" and by an athletic director who confesses, "I was born in the South."

The colored athletes "were suckered into coming here" is the theme of much of this installment, but Olsen winds up by saying the nine colored track stars who had their scholarships removed plan to return to UTEP next fall with or without scholarships. This would be mighty strange action by a group which, according to Olsen, "almost unanimously" regards UTEP as a ghetto.

In another example of Olsen's overstatement, he says emphatically, "If the Negro refuses to confine his dating to the handful of black women in El Paso, he might find himself on the next train out of town." The paradox here is that Olsen goes on to cite case after case where colored athletes have dated white girls in El Paso without being put on the next train. I also doubt that Olsen convinced many readers that "only a handful" of the 10,000 or so colored people in metropolitan El Paso are women.

I believe, as do many people here in the South, that UTEP officials have seriously tried to advance that day when Southwestern society fully accepts colored athletes. Maybe their mistake (if they made one) was in pushing too hard too fast for that day. In spite of what Olsen and some of the colored athletes say about the UTEP officials, I admire them for having this dream, and for trying the best that they know how—right or wrong—to attain that dream.

RON G. CRAWFORD

Huntsville, Ala.

Sirs:

Scattered throughout your articles are two contradictory sets of circumstances. In one instance the athletes complain that they are spending too much time fulfilling their athletic-scholarship requirements to adequately carry out their classroom work. On the other hand, the story contains references to card playing, hours spent at the back tables of various student hangouts and attempts at interracial dating. It seems to me, as I review my collegiate activities, that time spent in preparation of classroom assignments left very little time for boredom.

A. J. BARKER, MD

Glendale, W. Va.

Sirs:

I do not wish to assume a defensive posture, nor do I wish to be critical of the first

two articles in *The Black Athlete* series. In my experience over two decades of coaching track at North Carolina College I have learned the truth about the plight of the athlete—black and white—in the predominantly white university.

My major objection is the sweeping generalizations made about black athletes and their coaches. Although the examples cited may be many, the number involved represents a very small percentage of the black athletes participating in sports. By far, the vast majority of black athletes have attended "predominantly Negro" institutions and have been taught and continue to be taught by concerned, well-prepared coaches. These coaches are full-time faculty members, many of whom hold doctorate degrees from many of the nation's best universities.

Hundreds of black athletes at the predominantly Negro institutions have been guided through four years of participation and graduation. These fine men, and, I might add, many black graduates from white universities, have been and now are engaged in a wide variety of careers—college presidents, physicians, bankers, lawyers, teachers, scientists, etc.—and are making outstanding contributions to their communities and to society. It is a disservice to the significant segment of black athletes who do have a normal college and university experience to place them in a general bag with all black athletes: dropouts, athletic burns and similar nonacademic types.

Maybe your title should have been *The Shameful Story of the Black Athlete at Some Predominantly White Colleges/Universities*.

L. T. WALKER

Durham, N.C.

Sirs:

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is in error in reporting that Mickey Cureton made a recruiting trip to the University of Oregon. Cureton was not recruited by Oregon and, to our knowledge, has never been in the state.

L. J. CANANOWA

Director of Athletics

Eugene, Ore.

● A garbled transmission moved Mickey Cureton 1,500 miles. He did visit the "U of O"—but it was the University of Oklahoma, not Oregon—ED.

Sirs:

As a former Big Ten football player, and a Negro, I am gratified to find that SI has seen the injustice which is prevalent in collegiate athletics.

I quit the football team at the University of Michigan after my sophomore year because of what I felt were discriminatory prac-

nices by the coaching staff. In the first two weekly scrimmages of spring practice I graded 100% on my performance ratings. On reporting to practice at the beginning of the third week, however, I found that I had been dropped from second string to fourth string at my position, defensive cornerback. Ahead of me were a fourth-string quarterback who had been traded out briefly during the scrimmages and another cornerback, both white players. I had higher grades than both during the scrimmages, but it was I who was demoted.

I had seen the signs of this discrimination long before my demotion. When it came I merely quit the team without complaining. I felt then as I feel now; if they didn't want me to play, I didn't want to play for them.

However, I am fortunate in that I could just walk out when I wanted to do so. Most of the Negro players on the team are on scholarship and depend upon the scholarships to stay in school, as you have already reported. I was not on scholarship, and I am not dependent upon anyone for money and, therefore, I could not be controlled socially and academically, as many of my friends are.

If fans will only continue to read and believe what these articles in SI are saying, the spotlight will be on those who control

the futures of so many. Then, maybe, it will be more difficult to be unjust.

TERRY M. BANKS
Michigan '69

Washington

Sirs:

Everything you say is true. Too many colleges have been giving their Negro athletes a "full bear" to oblivion. Too many Negro athletes come to college only to find that if they are to be a part of that college they must give up their race identity.

At the University of Oklahoma last year, 27 Negro athletes presented a list of grievances that flabbergasted the alumni and students. As one professor remarked, "I never thought we had any problem here." And this is a natural attitude, for Negro athletes at large universities are seen only on the court and gridiron and then fade back into the dorms.

LARRY CHILNICK

Norman, Okla.

Sirs:

God bless you, Jack Olsen, and **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**. I only wonder how many people will believe you.

I happen to know what you write is a fact, because you live close to home. I am married to one of the "tail-black starters of the

Texas at El Paso team who defeated the all-white team of the University of Kentucky for the NCAA basketball championship." You are right, the victory was a shallow one.

As you stated, my husband has not graduated, but I am happy to tell you that his story will not have as sad and hopeless an ending as did those of a couple of his teammates. Although he is now struggling to establish himself and a home for us, eventually he hopes to pick up where he left off in college. It won't be easy, but he has the intelligence and the determination. The important thing is that next time he will succeed in earning his degree because he will be doing it for himself.

GARY, IND.

DOLores ARNis

Sirs:

Gunnar Myrdal, the well-known Swedish economist, when asked to comment on the President's riot commission report, had two major criticisms, and I quote one as follows from *Forbes*, April 1, 1968: "... It concentrates on the Negro problem. If you look on that isolated ... problem of the underclass, you're not being sensible. Negroes are only one-fourth or one-third of the poor. All the poor have to be helped, rural as well as urban. The worst enemy of the Negro is the two-thirds of the poor that

continued

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19TH HOLE *continued*

is not Negro. To concentrate on the Negro
will make those people madder than ever.
Concentrating on the Negro also offends
... the lower middle class. The fact that a
third of the poor are Negroes is a technical
matter."

This man predicted our present race prob-
lems 25 years ago. He is recognized as a stu-
dent of the American Negro problem, and
his thoughts deserve attention.

E. F. HERMAN

Delray Beach, Fla.

Sirs:

If it's worth anything to profoundly move
a rich white boy, Mr. Olsen certainly did
it. I feel kind of presumptuous speaking
from a white eastern-college point of view.
I just hope there are some black students
left we whites haven't completely destroyed
spiritually who will accept the support of
white students who are sickened by what
black people still must live with.

I plan to show Jack Olsen's article to
every phony, condescending "good citizen"
and every bigot I know. And I know quite
a few.

ROBERT COLE

Princeton, N. J.

Sirs:

I am filled with a sense of anger and
pity. Anger at those of us who place more
value on a championship team than the con-
cepts of individual compassion—pity for the
plight of the Negro athlete you describe.
What price glory?

You have presented a clear understanding
of the reasons for the recent revolt of the
Negro athlete. He now has my full sup-
port. We as a nation, or the alumni of a uni-
versity, cannot take pride in the accomplish-
ments of athletes treated in the manner you
describe.

HENRY DI PAOLO

Norristown, Pa.

Sirs:

These articles bring out the fact that you
cannot say what medicine, or sports or pink
polka-dotted dresses have done for the ver-
million people, because, when you are deal-
ing with human beings and a thing which a
human being has created, the only kind of
relationship that is possible is symbiosis.

The reason for this is very simple. Man
has created something for the use or en-
joyment by or for man. It doesn't matter
what your bone structure is, or your skin
color might be, you are a human being.
Therefore it is only fair to say that every
man who contributes to a sport must de-
rive something from it. Whites and blacks
and many other races have done this, not
just the blacks.

RUS WOLF

Eastchester, N.Y.

Watch
out for the
other guy.

Watch
out for the
other guy.

Watch
out for the
other guy.

Watch
out for the
other guy.

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Defensively.**



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and keep your
collins dry!



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in any cigarette.

**Come up to the
Kool taste**



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